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Staccato.

THE ceremonial at the opening of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition at South Kensington is, it would seem, to consist of a variety entertainment. In the first place the Queen is announced to open it in person, though this is an event of such frequent occurrence of late years that it has ceased to be remarkable. Of more general interest is the fact that Lord Tennyson has written an ode for the occasion, that Sir Arthur Sullivan has set it to music, and that Madame Albani, herself a Canadian, is to sing it. Lord Tennyson and Sir Arthur Sullivan have both been showing signs of wear of late; but the former has always an inexhaustible store of fervid patriotism, and the music of the latter can hardly fail to be popular. But why is Madame Albani to sing "Home, Sweet Home?" Is it to remind the colonists present that though mid pleasures and palaces here they may roam, they have made a great mistake in coming as there is no place like home? Sung with Madame Albani's gifts of voice and expression, it is enough to send the whole of them scuttling back by the next mail.

THE American Opera Company is to be congratulated upon its programme, certain numbers of which may be suggested for adoption by less remote companies. Wagner's "Lohengrin," Delibes' "Lakmé," Gluck's "Orpheus," Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor," Verdi's "Aida," Massé's "Marriage of Jeannette," Delibes' ballet "Sylvia," and Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," make up a list characterised both by enterprise and insight. Why has "Lohengrin" disappeared from the English operatic stage? It was admirably rendered in the relatively palmy days of the Carl Rosa Company, but for some reason or other has retired in favour of infinitely inferior pieces.

THE resuscitation of old instruments for the performance of old music has occasionally an archaeological rather than a musical justification. To modern ears the long Bach trumpet, employed at the performance of the Dettingen Te Deum under Mr Prout, is by no means an unalloyed pleasure. In a room of moderate dimensions it goes through the brain like a drill. No one followed the young Mozart's example and dropped senseless at the blast; but not only did that event become intelligible but other mysteries were explained. This is clearly the trumpet which was used at Jericho; no ordinary wall could stand seven of them together.

A "CHORISTER" has written to the *St James's Gazette* to complain of the "talking" and "sniggering" which goes on during the performance of some of the most beautiful pieces. When a paper has the courage to print these unpleasant truths it should receive the compliment of imitation and acknowledgment. *Voilà.*

THE municipal authorities of Lorient have voted a sum of 1000 francs for the construction of the pedestal of the statue of Victor Massé, which M. Antonin Mercie has just finished. This is literally laying their gift at the feet of the master. It is not, however, the only recent honour to Massé's memory, as the "Committee of Parisian Inscriptions" has decided to affix a memorial tablet on the house (26 Rue Laval) in which the composer spent his last ten years. It runs:—"Victor Massé, compositeur de musique né à Lorient, le 7 Mars 1822, est mort dans cette maison le 5 Juillet 1884."

M. GOUNOD has furnished a preface to the *Annales du Théâtre* (1885) of MM. Edward Noël and Edmond Stoullig. This preface, which is entitled "Considerations on the Contemporary Stage," has not many points of interest to the English reader, unless perhaps in the species of ironical catechism in which M. Gounod attempts to comprise "the insanities" of the Code of the Music of the Future. Here is a specimen:—

"What is the essential condition of genius?"
 "The absence of ideas."
 "What do you understand by that?"
 "I understand by that, that genius being the creative faculty, its distinctive character ought to consist in its resemblance to the Creator who has drawn everything out of nothing."
 It needs no great logical faculty to see that in this last sentence M. Gounod has cut his own throat. His forte is clearly not irony.

AMBROISE THOMAS, whose "Hamlet" was better known a few years ago than now, is again associated with Shakespeare, having supplied the music for an operatic libretto in which the dramatist and Queen Elizabeth are the two principal characters. Shakespeare is represented as a dissolute youth who is brought to the ways of virtue by the good Queen Bess. The opera, which moreover is called "Midsummer Night's Dream," promises to be successful, and we may by-and-by be treated on the English stage to this peculiarly French version of English history.

A CONCERT in aid of the funds of the "Société de Secours Mutuel" was organised by Rubinstein for the 28th ult. The great pianist ennobles his mission by his numerous acts of philanthropy.

M. HERVE, who has just become a naturalised British subject, is the composer of the last addition to Mr Carl Rosa's repertory. "Frisoli," which is to be produced at Drury Lane towards the end of May, is a spectacular opera, the action taking place at Florence, at a town on the Austrian frontier, and at Naples. Frisoli is a wandering minstrel—how many of the tribe have we seen on the stage!—and is to be impersonated by Miss Rose Hersee.

THE concert schemes which have been brought to a close during the past month appear to have had more than the average success; and an

increase in the number of concert-givers has thus been accompanied by greater general prosperity. In whatever sphere there may be economical depression it is certainly not that of music. The advent of May brings a number of fresh appeals to the public. Rubinstein, Richter, and many more will soon be challenging notice.

Personality in Music.

DURING the past month London audiences have afforded an interesting study in the phenomena of enthusiasm. Thousands of people have been caught up in a whirl of emotion at the mere sight of Liszt; there has been a blossoming of poetry in the columns of the press and a shining page is added to the history of pianoforte virtuosi. All this would be very beautiful if it sprang from real appreciation of the character and achievement of the object of it. But to the bulk of those who took part in the frenetic applause Liszt could have been little more than a name; and a distillation of the popular opinion regarding his music would probably give a result far from favourable. We have been emotionalised by the presence of Liszt the man; and there has been a pleasing and large irrationality in the spectacle not to be explained wholly by the contagion of great and expectant assemblies.

Personality really enters more largely into musical feeling than we quite admit to ourselves. We may cultivate a cool judgment and determine that the composer shall be taken on his merits; but let Rubinstein sit down at the instrument and instantly there is a disturbing force. Beethoven is not the same; the composer looms larger; the sphere of tone has been expanded. To the power of the music, which expresses in its degree the personality of Beethoven, there is added the "magnetism" of the virtuoso. When the audience "rises at" Rubinstein the promptings are thus complex beyond all analysis, though the mainsprings of the emotion may be seen to be the music of the composer, the art of the technician, and the individuality of the performer. The last element in certain great players has been overmastering, and Liszt has been one of these players. Criticism of Liszt in his days of "transcendent execution" runs hopelessly to the dithyrambic. Such writers as Heine and Schumann were stimulated into making the most extraordinary comparisons that language could compass; and sober analysis of the specialities of Liszt's technique hardly exists. It would seem as if he radiated an atmosphere in which all outline becomes confused. To-day the personality retains its peculiar impressiveness, and we are made to admit, even without demonstration, that there is no quality of music that would not take an added distinction from his hands.

It remains true that no real honour is paid to an artist which is not based on serious understanding of his life-work. A flash of enthusiasm is no better than an unrelated bit of bravura. The result of Liszt's visit ought to be an attempt to grasp his



aims, and an unprejudiced hearing of his works. That he has a basis of thought and culture for his artistic energy is happily being more widely recognised; and both as a composer and as a virtuoso we are feeling that he has done much "to kindle that enthusiasm for the beautiful which is so nearly allied to the good." This is Liszt's own view of the mission of the artist. Not that we would have audiences become a whit less electric while adopting this serious view; rationalisation in this direction would probably mean loss of sensitiveness to music; but the currents of our energy may well take a more strenuous course after the recent temporary but intense discharge of force.

T. CARLAW MARTIN.

Historical Concerts.

THE work of systematisation has gone far to transform the chaos of life into a cosmos when it begins to arrange with some degree of success the programmes of an artist so little given to undue adherence to formality as Rubinstein. Once or twice, indeed, he has tried the experiment of changing a programme at the eleventh hour, and then bewildering the non-musical section of his audience by playing the pieces in the order which best suited his mood; and this is certainly more in accordance with the popular conception of him than the strict adherence to a series of 180 pieces in a course of seven concerts. The change in this respect, however, is not one which is likely to meet with objection from any who have thought at all seriously of the utter want of principle exhibited by most concert programmes. In the main they represent an almost fortuitous concurrence of musical atoms. The whims of conductors, the limitations of performers, their rivalries, their vanities, their indolence, the requests of non-musical subscribers, and the like, are all forces of the first importance in programme-making; and the result is, that even habitual concert-goers seldom hear some of the finest works, while they are bored beyond endurance by the repetition of a few popular or artistic favourites. Works that apart from their power of giving emotional satisfaction are of interest and importance for purposes of comparison as indicating stages of formal development, or as being different treatments of similar emotional phases, are heard, in all probability, at such wide intervals that comparison becomes uncertain or impossible. The subtler sources of musical interest and enjoyment are only drawn upon in a limited degree, and even the pleasurable impressions that are made are largely of the character of passing and unintelligent sensations.

To those who go to concerts merely for the sake of going, and to those who go for the sake of the purely sensuous enjoyment of a concourse of sweet sounds, the hap-hazard conjunction of pieces is of no great importance. But there is another and increasing class of auditors whose enjoyment doubles itself by claiming attention on the actively intellectual as well as on the passively sensuous side, to whom a succession of tones is something more than a linked sweetness—the clue to a vivid series of historic associations, a single unit of a vast progressive series, a revelation of personality. With regard to this critical class two things may be assumed:—That they are worth catering for, and that in meeting their wants the problem of popular musical education is half-solved. It is one thing to seek to charm the public ear, gratuitously or otherwise, with delightful sounds; it is quite another thing to furnish them with some intelligent basis, some organizing principle, some idea or fact to serve as an attachment for otherwise evanescent emotions. Valuable service has undoubtedly been rendered in this direction by annotated pro-

grammes—despite their imperfections and absurd prices; but in themselves these are insufficient. Annotations without system are apt to slip from the popular mind like newspaper paragraphs; their highest educative force is only called into play when the annotations are attendant upon systematisation; and under existing circumstances the combination is rare. Occasionally facts are to be met with which make in this direction, such as the performance *seriatim* at successive concerts in a provincial town of the whole of the Beethoven symphonies, the occasional Beethoven concerts, Wagner concerts, and *Lieder ohne Worte* concerts, and the singing of all the settings of the Mignon song, or of the whole *Schöne-Müllerin* cycle at single concerts. Most hopeful of all, however, is the fact that Rubinstein has lent the weight of his reputation to one of the most pretentious schemes of the kind ever yet presented to musical audiences.

In itself, of course, there is nothing particularly novel in the plan of historical concerts on a comprehensive scale, the movement probably owing not a little to the influence of M. Fétis a generation or two back. His attempts to advance musical culture by concerts upon system are still of some suggestive value. At the first given in the saloon of the Conservatoire on April 8th, 1832, he had an admirable array of assistants in such vocalists as Lablache, Rubini, Nourrit, Bordogni, Levasseur, Lafont, Mdles. Mori, Dorus, Cinti Damoreau, Madame Schroeder-Devrient, and others. The programme was in three parts, of which the two first were prefaced with brief discourses by Fétis on the origin and progress of opera from 1581 to 1650, and from 1650 to 1750; and the third, by a discourse on the revolutions in dramatic music between 1760 and 1830. Illustrative selections were given from characteristic works from the "Ballet Comique de la Reine," and the first Italian opera, "Eurydice," both of 1581, to the "Freyschütz" of Weber, and the "William Tell" of Rossini. The time at which the lecture-concert was given was that of the cholera panic, but it seems that it was a decided success. The second concert, on November 18th, 1832, in illustration of the music of the sixteenth century, was also in three sections—ecclesiastical, concert, and dance music, each prefaced by a brief lecture. The third given on March 24th, 1833, was illustrative of a discourse upon the general of the music of the seventeenth century; and a fourth on April 2nd, 1833, reproduced the first in its essential features. Difficulties were thrown in their way, however, and they were discontinued, though twenty-two years later, when Fétis was director of the Brussels Conservatoire, he repeated with some variation during a visit to Paris the second of his former programmes. The idea was approved, and the example has been occasionally followed, but with only a limited appreciation of the value of the scheme and the many variations of which it is susceptible.

The aim of M. Fétis was of a decidedly general character, and his programmes contained many specimens of an unimportant fossil type, the interest of which was almost as unrelated as the chips of information in *Notes and Queries*. This did not detract from their intrinsic interest, but it was an unsatisfactory comment upon the scheme. There may be more than one principle of selection in framing the programme of an historical concert, but to confer an exhaustive benefit, this principle should before all things be clear and consistent. Always assuming that the player is so far an artist as to have no desire for the mere exhibition of his own technique, his choice of pieces in a given period will in the main be determined by one of three or four leading motives:—he may desire simply to select those works which appeal most fully to his own or to the popular taste; he may select with a view to the indication of the lines of development of the main musical forms during that period; he may seek to exhibit in the strongest light the personality of the chief composers of the period under notice; or

possibly he may have no fixed standard, but be guided in regard to one piece by one principle, and to another piece by a second. In each case the concert result will be very different for those pieces exhibiting most lucidly the personality of their composers are not always those upon which the process of development hinges, and neither of these groups of works are necessarily those of greatest general charm. Now if it be examined in search of a theoretic basis of arrangement, Rubinstein's programme will be found somewhat puzzling. It has the appearance of design, but it would be difficult to found upon it a teleological argument. The avowed object is to give the whole history of piano literature from the days of the virginal to those of the modern concert grand. So far so good, and the list is an imposing one; but when the question is asked why this composer is chosen rather than that, why this piece rather than another, why this arrangement in preference to many possible arrangements, the answers are hard to give. It is obviously not a classification according to schools of composition, though the principal schools are inevitably represented. If again it be asked how far this picture of the entire piano literature is representative of the development of musical forms, the answer is not always satisfactory. Take, for instance, the most important of them, the sonata, and scrutinise the examples given. In the first concert we find Scarlatti's Sonata in A major; the second concert consists entirely of eight Beethoven Sonatas (Op. 27, 31-22, 53, 57, 90, 101, 109, 111); in the third concert we have Weber's Sonata in A flat major; in the fourth, Schumann's in F sharp minor; in the fifth, Clementi's in B flat major; in the sixth, Chopin's B flat minor; and in the seventh, Anton Rubinstein's Sonata in F major. In many respects the list is admirable, but it has obvious lapses. For the perfecting of the representative programme, some indication should have been given of the differentiation of the sonata from the suite—the development from juxtaposed independent cells to a complex organism. Despite the weight of the names cited in the programme of the first concert—Mozart, Haydn, Emanuel Bach—there is no specimen what ever given of the sonata as it existed prior to Beethoven, except the so-called sonata in A major by Scarlatti, which is in no respect typical, and does not exhibit process. Yet there can be no question as to the importance, not in respect of the sonata form merely, but in respect of the whole piano literature, of this sonata movement terminating in the enfranchisement of the "idea" by Beethoven. If one is not particularly desirous of hearing Rubinstein reviving Kuhnau and certain of his compeers, it would at least have been of value to have heard from him a work like the D major sonata of W. Friedmann Bach, and typical specimens from Emanuel Bach, Haydn, Mozart, and possibly Dussek. Clementi is well represented in a later concert, though at least as much may be said against as for the displacement. As regards Rubinstein's list of sonatas subsequent to Beethoven, it will be noted that Schubert is, possibly with wisdom, omitted; that Weber is well represented with one of his two best sonatas; that one of the most important of the romanticist sonatas, the F sharp minor of Schumann, is included, and that Chopin is characteristically represented in this *genre*. All this is as it should be, but completeness demanded the insertion of the important sonata in B minor in which Liszt worked the logical continuation of the Schumann advance. Last of all, why is the sonata list brought to a conclusion with Anton Rubinstein's Sonata in F major, to the exclusion, for instance, of one of Brahms's early sonatas of the poetic type?

Similar questions might be asked concerning almost every *genre* included in his list by Rubinstein, and the pointedness of certain omissions is especially noteworthy. It is exceedingly interesting to have the important Russian school so well represented, but it would appear that modern Europe has no other new voices of equal import-

ance, and that composers like Jensen and Brahms are obscure musicians of no individuality.

After all, however, the object of this paper is less to find fault than to commend an important step in a composer and pianist of Rubinstein's rank, and to urge the desirability of its wider imitation. In aim it is thoroughly far-sighted, even if there be no single ordering motive according to which the musical items in Rubinstein's well-stored memory have taken this form, as the sand-atoms arrange themselves on a metal plate sounded with a violin bow. It is still a "golden treasury" of musical poems chosen with wide knowledge and much catholicity and refinement of taste. For popular purposes, however, some less complex motives of choice are desirable, the focussing of scattered rays upon one or two more definite points.

MORTIMER WHEELER.

Musical Life in London.

WE have had what may be called a Liszt Festival during the past month. For two weeks nearly every programme, save those of the conservative Mr Chappell, was headed, "In honour of Franz Liszt." It must be owned that something of business speculation had a part in this Liszt concert-giving, but that might have been expected. Making all deductions for momentary craze and clever manipulation, there can yet be no doubt that there has been an amount of honest enthusiasm and sincere homage in the presence of the great pianist and composer, very gratifying to those who believe in doing honour to art. The story of Liszt's visit has so fully been told in the newspapers that I need very lightly touch upon it, only saying that the spectacle was presented at about ten concerts of the fortnight, of the audience rising *en masse*, and cheering wildly, simply because a sight had been caught of the tall frame and heavy white locks of the marvellous Abbe. The three most notable concerts have been that on April 6th, when a fine performance of the so-called oratorio "St Elisabeth," conducted by Dr Mackenzie, with the chorus of Novello's concerts, was given; that of Herr Emil Bach on the 9th in St James' Hall; and the Crystal Palace concert on the 10th. At all of these the music was exclusively Liszt's, and being played in great measure as a compliment to our guest, it would be ungracious to subject it to ordinary criticism. The performance of "St Elisabeth" was a marvel of zealous effort on the part of Mme. Albani, Mr Santley, Dr Mackenzie, the chorus and all concerned. And, while declining to go into the general question of the merits of Liszt's music, I may be allowed to say that the greater familiarity with his works resulting from the copious selections offered at these concerts, has increased our admiration for the vast, Victor Hugo-like imaginings of the composer, the tremendous energy that is in all his work, and the skill unfailingly exhibited in the orchestration and development of themes.

TAKING the Crystal Palace concerts in their order, that of March 27th was a Beethoven celebration, at which Herr Joachim played the great violin concerto, a work which suits his broad and noble style perhaps as well as anything he undertakes. Despite the *contretemps* of a broken string, the performance was a treat of the rarest kind. The symphony was that in A, played as the band can play when Mr Manns calls on them to do their best. Miss Kate Flinn sang with remarkable dramatic expression Verdi's "Ernani involami," and two lovely songs by Franz and Grieg. At the

next concert, on April 3rd, "Pan" Ondricek, the Bohemian violinist, made his appearance, and played Mendelssohn's violin concerto with a purity of tone, masterly execution, and delicate expression that at once proved him an artist of the first order. His solo, "Le Streghe," by Paganini, was a wonderful exhibition of digital dexterity, but otherwise of little value. The next concert, on the 10th, was a scene of almost turbulent excitement—the room crowded to the doors, and the people shouting themselves hoarse in honour of Liszt. Of this concert I need only say that his symphonic poems, "Les Preludes" and "Mazeppa," were magnificently played; and that Herr Stavenhagen, a young pianist whom Liszt had brought with him, played his E flat concerto with simply marvellous mastery of its tremendous difficulties. On the 17th, "St Elisabeth" was repeated, with the same principals and chorus as at St James' Hall.

THE two last concerts of the Philharmonic Society have been fully up to the mark of the previous ones. On April 1st, Dvorak's violin concerto was played for the first time in England by Pan Ondricek, who perhaps of all others was best fitted to interpret the music of his compatriot. The work is not strictly moulded after orthodox forms, and is more a fantasia, in which airs, plaintive or dreamily sweet, fiercely passionate, or with the mad whirl of gypsy dances in their time, are interwoven, than a properly worked out concerto. But it is a beautiful work, and was a triumph for composer and executant alike. Mlle. Kleeberg, with that dainty Parisian grace of hers, was exactly suited in Mendelssohn's E minor concerto. The two orchestral works were Schubert's glorious symphony in C, and the pastoral introduction and overture to the second part of Sullivan's "Light of the World." The second of these, with the wailing, agitated phrases of the commencement, and the noble chorale-like strains, as of assured victory, near the close, was especially fine. The second concert, on the 15th, offered no novelty, but Herr Joachim's playing of Mendelssohn's concerto, the "Eroica" symphony, and a beautiful rendering by Miss Fanny Davies of Sterndale Bennett's C minor concerto, offered attractions enough and to spare. Poor Joachim was recalled time after time until, evidently sorely against his will, he had to play; and as he gave Bach's well-known "Bourree," I am afraid the noisy crowd considered they had done something clever. Miss Griswold sang in very charming and artistic style.

THERE are many, and those not the least cultivated, who would say that in the forefront of the musical news of the month should be placed Mme. Schumann's visit to London. What a noble artist she is! Her playing is so completely without artifice, truthful, and grand, and you feel in listening, "Der Dichter spricht" (as Schumann has it) directly through her fingers. The enthusiasm on that Saturday afternoon in St James' Hall, when she came on to the platform looking like a gentle and dignified grandmamma, with her white hair and black cap, to play Beethoven's "Les Adieux, l'absence and le retour" sonata, was quite refreshing. At the close of a very fine performance, she was vehemently applauded, bouquets were handed, and the many occupants of the orchestra above actually pelted her with flowers. She has appeared at other concerts of the month, playing the Waldstein sonata, and, of course, several of her husband's pieces, finishing up on the 19th with a splendid performance of Schumann's great Quintet, in which she had MM. Joachim, Ries, Straus, and Piatti to help in forming an almost ideal cast. Of the other concerts a short notice can only be given. Herr Joachim has appeared at nearly every one, playing Bach and Beethoven as only he can—and I notice this year no faults in intonation such as occasionally were perceptible last season. Miss Fanny

Davies has on several occasions more than confirmed the favourable opinion formed of her playing; and a young blind pianist, Mr A. Hollins, played Beethoven's Trio in E flat, with Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti, as well as many an accomplished pianist with undimmed eyesight could have done. One concert, however, must have special notice. The programme on April 12th was a very interesting one, but this hardly explained the great excitement of the audience throughout nearly all the evening. The explanation is in one word—Liszt was present. He must have enjoyed the delicately perfect rendering of the F major Quartet of Beethoven's Rasoumowsky series by MM. Joachim, Ries, Straus, and Piatti, and the Kreutzer sonata, played by Mr Halle and Herr Joachim, in a way that brought out all its serene beauty and marvellous grace of thought and expression. The great sonata Op. 110 was played by Mr Halle with admirable clearness and correctness, but a little more fire and abandon were to be desired. Mr Santley sang some not very important solos. These concerts, first of their kind, are now over for the season.

MANIFOLD, as we all must sadly agree, as are the evils connected with the possession of money, there are some few compensating advantages that the philosopher discovers in it! One of these is the fact that a choir like the Bach Choir, supported by many wealthy amateurs, can produce works of high merit that yet, by reason of their subject or other cause, an *entrepreneur* of ordinary business ideas, would think twice about before putting in rehearsal. Such were the three works given at the Bach Choir's concert on March 25—Bach's early cantata, "Gott ist mein König," written for some city gathering at Mühlhausen in 1708, and though there is some dreadfully dry solo music in it, containing two choruses in the genuinely massive Bach style; Beethoven's "Elegischen Gesang," a smoothly melodious lament for the death of a friend; and Schumann's music to the third part of Faust. The last, the most important work, was sung with the greatest zeal and care, and was certainly one of the best performances yet given in this country of Schumann's music, which, though of unequal quality, is in places a marvellously fine setting of Goethe's strangely mystical verses. By the way, let me quote from the programme, as an instance of Mr Bayard Taylor's ingenuity in rhyming, the following utterance of "The more perfect angel,"

"Earth's residue to bear,
Hath sorely pressed us;
It were not pure and fair,
Though 'twere asbestos."

I would venture, however, timidly to suggest that "The Blessed Boys" is hardly a felicitous rendering of "Die Seligen Knaben." Herr Joachim at this concert played his own Hungarian concerto and Bach's "Chaconne," and received the usual ovation.

OF other concerts of the month a very brief record can only be given. Of these were that of Henry Leslie's choir in St James' Hall, in which the choir had the assistance of Mme. Albani, Mr Edw. Lloyd, and Herr Joachim; the Sacred Harmonic Society, when "The Martyr of Antioch" and Rossini's "Stabat Mater" were given; Mr Frederick Lamond's recitals in Prince's Hall; the London Musical Society, when Dr Villiers Stanford's "The Three Holy Children" was given for the first time in London; Signor Sarasate, who at his concert in St James' Hall played in one afternoon both Beethoven's and Mendelssohn's violin concerto; Mr Isidore Di Lara's vocal recitals, in Steinway Hall; and Mr Ambrose Austin's Good Friday and Easter Monday concerts in the Royal Albert Hall, for which nearly all the principal singers of the day were engaged. J. J. B.

Liszt as a Man of Letters.



I.

It was not surprising that Liszt's early associations with the chiefs of the Parisian romanticists should stimulate his active mind in the direction of literary production. His epistolary efforts had probably made him aware of his own facility and power in other than musical composition, there being something more than jest in his assertion that his correspondence with the Countess d'Ortigne was an exercise in the lofty French style. Of such exercises Liszt had had no lack, and he had already done some casual literary work in connection with Schlesinger's "Gazette Musicale de Paris," in the foundation of which he had taken an active part. During his retirement with the Countess d'Agoult at Geneva in 1835, however, he began to turn his attention more seriously to literature. In that year there appeared in the Gazette a characteristic series of essays by him, in which, amid the faulty exuberance of youthful rhetoric, there were to be found many signs of acute intelligence and practical power. Under the title, "De la Situation des Artistes," he appeared as the champion of his class, pointing out how important an element the social recognition of artists was in the furtherance of art, and how beneficial in its turn was the reaction of art upon society. In part it was a philippic against Louis Philippe, and an impetuous attack upon all who with him hindered art, not omitting the sham artists and ignorant press critics of the day. The low state of musical criticism was a point upon which he both felt and wrote strongly, urging the necessity of a philosophic criticism, and arguing that for this work the productive artist was alone qualified. Unhappily for the latter theory, it is not given to many productive artists to possess the versatility of Schumann, Berlioz, or of Liszt himself. The criticisms of artists upon their art are often not less unstable and unsatisfactory than those of more ignorant critics; and, as a rule, it is less difficult for the critic to acquire the technical basis of criticism, than for the technician to cultivate and exercise impartially the critical faculty. But as regards the necessity of a higher criticism no exception could be taken to Liszt's position, and the second part of his contention was so far right, that this higher criticism has come in no small degree as the result of the impulse given by professional musicians. After examining the chief musical institutions then existing in France, and pointing out their defects, he set forth his scheme for the development of music. Eight things in his estimation were required to secure for music its due position:—

"(1.) The foundation of an assembly to be held every five years for religious, dramatic, and symphonic music, by which the works that are considered best in these three categories should be

executed in the most solemn manner daily for a whole month in the Louvre, being afterwards obtained by Government and published at their expense. In other words, we require the foundation of a musical museum.

"(2.) The introduction of musical instruction into the people's schools, its extension in other schools.

"(3.) The restoration of the royal band of musicians and the improvement of choral singing in all the churches, both of Paris and the provinces.

"(4.) General assemblies of the philharmonic societies in the manner of the great musical festivals of England and Germany.

"(5.) A lyrical theatre, concert, and chamber performances, organized after the plan sketched in the chapter treating of the Conservatoire.

"(6.) A school of musical progress to be founded outside the Conservatoire by the most eminent artists—a school, the branches of which shall extend to all the provincial metropolises.

"(7.) A chair of musical history and philosophy.

"(8.) A cheap edition of the most important works of old and new composers, from the epoch of musical renaissance up to our time. The publication, as a whole, should comprise the development and historical succession from the ballad to Beethoven's choral symphonies, and might bear the title, 'Pantheon of Music.' The biographies, treatises, commentaries, and glossaries, would form a true 'Encyclopædia of Music.'

The prospectus is open to criticism in the details of many of the proposals; but a large portion of it either has been or is in a fair way to be accomplished, and as the manifesto of a youth of twenty-four, it proves, in a striking degree, Liszt's thoroughness and far-sightedness. In musical circles it naturally created a widespread antagonism by no means impersonal in its hostility; only here and there men like Chopin and Berlioz hailed the essays with acclamation.

The essays "On the Position of Artists" were by no means the sole literary productions dating from this period. The twelve "Lettres d'un Bachelier de Musique," addressed to his friends George Sand, Heine, Berlioz, and others, were contributed to the Gazette during his travels with the Countess d'Agoult; and amongst his detached papers were essays on "Popular Editions of Important Works," "Meyerbeer's Huguenots," and the "Criticism of Thalberg's Compositions."

From the commencement the strongly marked personality and many-sided culture of Liszt had made themselves felt in a style, with respect to which the charges of affectation and exaggeration were the least offensive. Exaggeration there could scarcely fail to be with a writer of Liszt's ardent temperament and fertile imagination, but there is more evidence of an unbridled spontaneity than of affectation. In some respects it might be possible to trace analogies between Liszt's literary style and his musical style. A kindred affluence characterizes each. Every idea is a theme for variation—a subject of fantasy. Across the central motive of his sentences, his paragraphs, his chapters, he throws an elaborate embroidery of subsidiary imaginative work. He does not hesitate to repeat an idea in new words, as one transposes a musical phrase into a new key. He modulates in metaphors with no less boldness than in harmonies, and not infrequently passes from metaphor to metaphor without even the semblance of modulation. He will return to the same thought or to the same fact again and again as the starting-point for a new excursus. He is a confirmed digressionist; it is this perpetual return to the key of the tonic which keeps up the appearance of unity.

In point of copiousness of style, the metaphor which Dante uses of Virgil—"quella fonte che spande di parlar sì largo fiume"—is not inapplicable to Liszt. Ideas are almost redundant with him; he is opulent in images; his sentences often take on a richness little in accordance with the

sobriety of modern prose. If the fact were unknown, it would not be difficult to infer that his education in style dates from the days of George Sand. It is throughout of the idealist type. He writes prose with the affluence of the poet, and has the poetic tendency to elevate abstractions into existences. With him it is not beauty, but Beauty; not sorrow, but Sorrow; not genius, but Genius—the thing, and something over and above the thing, the suggestion of a presence. Tried by the paring standards of modern literary criticism, which do not encourage a writer to seek elevation at the risk of making himself ridiculous, there are undoubtedly faults to be found. His style is too commonly wanting in precision, in condensation, in matter-of-factness. It has the exaggerated phrasing of commonplaces, the confusion of vagueness with sublimity, the elaborate mystical utterances in which emotional writers find satisfaction. But for the most part these faults are on the side of greatness—the unprofitable products of a rank luxuriance, not of an enfeebled and infertile soil. His excursions into the vague are not often excursions into the inane. If his ideas are at times wanting in definition, it is to be remembered that it is only a point of light which casts a sharply defined shadow; the shadow cast by a large luminous surface is ringed about with penumbræ, fading off towards the light. It is the compensation of small minds to have about their thoughts no vagueness or mystery.

Although, as an artist, Liszt magnifies his office, not the least noteworthy feature of his writing is the absence of what may be termed professionalism. He deals in the current coin of speech, not in trade tokens. His criticisms are in form less those of a technical musician than of a poet, a painter, an impressionist writer. He prefers in dealing with a piece of music to treat of it on the pictorial side. Sound translates itself with him, not into so much indefinite pleasurable emotion merely, and still less into the short-hand of musical terms; the heightened feelings take immediate concrete form. Sound is light, is form, is colour, is a complete sensuous dream, with moving pageants, with dances and intelligible song, with mourners and bacchanals, lovers and fighters, defeat and victory. The emotions excited by music take the line of the least resistance, and scarcely second to Liszt's musical faculty is his gift as a seer of visions, a dreamer of dreams. It was inevitable that he should feel the attraction of the Wagnerian principle of a great art synthesis.

THESE qualities of Liszt's writing are clearly marked in the life of Chopin, issued by him in 1852. The subject was one upon which no one could write with equal knowledge. No common tie drew the Hungarian and the Pole together in amity; no two natures were ever better formed to appreciate each other's finest qualities, to tolerate each other's weaknesses. Liszt's mind was of wider range, more imperious in its ardour, more definitive in its loves and hates. But in the matter of artistic opinion, Chopin did not yield to him in the strength of his convictions, and when Liszt was fighting the battle of musical progress, he found in his friend "the support of calm and unalterable conviction," as well as "the efficacious assistance which the creation of meritorious works brings to a struggling cause, when it can claim them as its own." To Liszt the limitations of Chopin's work were only an evidence of the wise reticence which limits utterance to perfect expressions, and he practically expands in his defence Prosper Mérimée's dictum that the artist who engraved certain Greek medals is the equal of the sculptor of a colossus. He was one of the first to recognize that Chopin's productions, though not of the class "des œuvres de longue haleine," were epoch making in respect of musical style, and he points

out that amongst other things we owe to him the extension of chords struck together in arpeggio or *en batterie*, a new system of chromatic involutions and sinuities, an unapproached beauty in instrumental floriture in the charming groups of notes that sing about the melodic figure, an undreamt of serious value given to unimpressive themes by the originality of harmonic progressions, a subtler if not a more profound inspiration. But apart from these things, Liszt saw in Chopin the representative of a national music. In Liszt's opinion, the national genius was not so much to be sought for in a collection of the melodies indigenous to a country, as in the results of national influences upon some musician of the first order. In the works of such a composer, he argues, the peculiar and predominant traits of the national genius will be found more completely developed, more poetically true than in the crude, incorrect, uncertain, vague and tremulous sketches of the uncultured people. Chopin, accordingly, was of special interest to him as ranking among the first musicians who have thus individualized in themselves the poetic sense of an entire nation—as having accomplished, with respect to Poland, what Liszt himself has in no small measure accomplished for Hungary. In this regard, if in no other, Chopin and Liszt maintain in their respective achievements the alliance of their ancient friendship.

A large portion of the book may be said to be written in exposition of the national character of Chopin's music. In dealing with the Polonaises, Liszt brings a sympathetic insight and pictorial power which throws a flood of light, not upon them alone, but upon the life and character of the nation whose tradition they express. A certain reservation in faith has, however, to be made, in that the light is something more than the garish light of common day; the poetic tendency to the exaltation of a theme is characteristically present. Upon the historic fabric there flash lights of many colours, and the Polish court-life takes on an oriental splendour; the figures that pass across the scene become heroic in stature and in mood. The chapter is a striking illustration of Liszt's power as an artist in words. He passes in review, with an obvious delight in the massing of rich effects, the details of the Veronese groups which present themselves to his imagination as he listens to the music—the brocades of gold, velvets, damasked satins, silvery, soft, and flexible sabres, hanging sleeves thrown back upon the shoulders, embossed sabres, boots yellow as gold or red with trampled blood, sashes with long undulating fringes, close chemisettes, pearl-embroidered stomachers, head-dresses glittering with rubies or leafy with emeralds, slippers rich with amber, gloves fragrant with the luxurious attar of the harems. Gradually he builds up his scene—the flowing chain of stately dancers, rainbow-hued like an immense serpent with glittering rings, moving now in a long undulating line, and now wreathed in brilliant coils. The air is misty with colour, and through it sound the challenges of new guides through the changing labyrinth of the dance, the murmur of many voices, the sweep of heavy dresses, the clink of golden chains and of the jewelled swords that drag upon the floor. The ideal view of Polish chivalry has never been presented in more glowing colours; the poetry of the Polonaise has never been so lovingly and lavishly elucidated. He claims that Chopin has embodied in his compositions of this class all the phases of which the theme is susceptible—the tradition of splendour, the more recent memory of suffering and wrong. A similarly picturesque treatment is accorded to the Mazurkas, in which a whole world of gaiety, coquetry, and passion takes the place of the stateliness and virility of the Polonaise. The unity of mass is broken up, and the individual emerges; chivalry becomes gallantry, and the woman takes a new importance as the inspiration of the dance and its music. The thin veil with which the formalities of rhythmic motion conceal feeling is drawn aside, revealing the palpitating life

below. It is not merely a question of gallants gay and ladies fair; the real dancers are the passions, and it is for these that the music sounds. For the light feet and lithe, bright forms, the rhythmic time-beat suffices; but within the formal limit, Chopin has echoed the heart's cries and laughter, and it is these which Liszt interprets for the duller ear. A digression at this point upon Polish women exhibits Liszt in a characteristic aspect, and he expends upon them a wealth of analytic power which has no signs of undue ascetic coldness. If the hand was the hand of an incipient Abbe, the voice was the voice of a poet, speaking with a poet's fervour and passion, and with a subjection to the witchery of the incomparable Polish women which included failings and virtues alike within its scope. The lyric enthusiasm of the writer is infectious, and as in the previous chapter, life seemed only worth living from the point of view of the Polonaise, so now the Mazurka usurps its place as a supreme object of existence. The feeling is, of course, due to the width of the horizon upon which Liszt habitually looks. He tends to regard comparatively unimportant things in their larger relations, and sees in the dances, as in the mirrors before which the dancers pass, the reflection of the comedy, the shadow of the tragedy, of human life.

In dealing with the character of Chopin, Liszt shows no inconsiderable psychologic insight. So far from being content with merely external treatment, he is always seeking to reconstruct the man from within. The task was not an easy one, for, as Liszt has himself pointed out, Chopin had the characteristic Slav reticence. His easy candour and familiarity by no means implied confidence or frankness, and behind a courteous, tranquil, and even joyous manner, the real man of many moods lay hid. Not the less successfully, however, has Liszt indicated all that it is necessary to know of Chopin to comprehend the personality which lies behind his work. In some sense the volume is the canonization of a man of genius by a man of genius. To Liszt Chopin stands always as the ideal artist, giving himself without reservation to his art alone, and standing, as it were, behind his art, pure in aspiration, flawless in honour, a meet priest in the House Beautiful. It is to be regretted that when he comes to treat of Chopin's mode of playing he puts the subject aside on the ground that the analysis would cause him too great pain. The omission is a serious one, though he has given in place of critical treatment an exceedingly interesting sketch of a gathering in Chopin's room. In the dim light about the Pleyel piano are gathered Heine, Meyerbeer, Adolphe Nourrit, Hiller, Eugène Delacroix, Niemcewicz, Mickiewicz, George Sand, and Liszt—an audience to which any composer might have confided his finest inspirations. Of each of these the writer briefly recalls some characteristic, dwelling chiefly, however, upon Heine and George Sand, to both of whom the genius of Chopin and that of his biographer allied themselves on different sides. The matter is always interesting, often valuable, but the elaborate frame lacks the portrait. If any man by his words could have enabled us to hear, as well as see, in imagination him whom Heine called "the Raphael of the piano," it was Liszt. The group stands amid the shadows of the dim room and listens—we with them; but there comes no sound from the closed instrument.

At the same time the silence in this special regard is redeemed by utterances which enable the sympathetic reader to feel in some measure a personal contact with the composer. Whatever charges may be made against the work on the score of its want of method, its not infrequent diffuseness, and its occasional omissions and inaccuracies, Liszt has done for Chopin what has perhaps never been done with equal knowledge for any composer. He has placed the key to Chopin's music within easy reach of all who wish access to its secret.

III.

Equally imposing in style, and of more general interest, though less known, is Liszt's book on the Gipsies. Hungary is in some sense the Cygany paradise. Possibly some subtle sympathy derived from the past when the Magyars too were wanderers and strangers in Europe, drew Magyars and Cygany together; but, at any rate, the Hungarians have been the only nation in Europe who have not considered the gipsies more or less outside the pale of humanity. The Bohemians have played and sung in Hungary the wild melodies of their race, as freely as the rhapsodists are said to have sung in Greece the Homeric poems. In palace and peasant's hut alike their strains have been welcome, and Liszt shared the popular feeling in no ordinary degree. His imagination was kindled in earliest youth at Raiding, by their wildness and mystery; the copper visages haunted him, and he was fascinated by their dancing airs and amorous songs, their lithe and provoking dances, their sudden arrivals and furtive flights. On his return to Hungary he renewed his early impressions, seeking out the gipsies in their haunts, sleeping with them in the open air, playing with their children, conversing with their leaders, and listening to their music by the glow of camp fires. The composer's popularity was soon established, and on the occasion of his second return they gave an elaborate fête in his honour, the orchestra performing in an oak-wood illuminated, when the night closed in, by a dozen symmetrically disposed tar-barrels which sent their flames straight up like cylinders of red iron. At Moscow, at Kiow, in Little Russia, at Bucharest, at Jassy, in Spain and elsewhere, Liszt extended his knowledge of gipsy life, and these experiences he has narrated with considerable power and in his elaborate pictorial style. There is no side of gipsy life on which Liszt has not touched; and though the work is lacking in condensation and cold scientific accuracy, it is a study with some pretension to completeness.

Its interest is greatest in connection with Liszt's own compositions. While with most nations there has been a crystallisation of national traditions into an epic form suited to the genius of the country, the gipsies have had no tradition and no epic of the normal type. Justifying his new use of the word by a Hegelian commentary, Liszt argued that the gipsy epic would be found in a collection of their scattered musical fragments, co-ordinated so as to give them reciprocal value. He therefore proceeded at once to give practical effect to his conception. He carefully collected their melodies, preserving their unwonted intervals, their multifarious luxuriance of rhythm, and the decorative habit of treating melody which made the Bohemian virtuosi masters of musical arabesque. The instruments which were of chief importance in their music were the violin and the zymbala; and though the piano could not reproduce the mordant sonority of these, it was clearly the instrument best fitted to reproduce the orchestra of the nomads. Then came the task of selection and arrangement, the revision and recasting of the musical fragments, and as the admirable results, the Hungarian Rhapsodies were produced. The term Rhapsody was applied to them to express the epic aspect, and the term Hungarian employed in place of gipsy, because the Magyars have practically adopted the gipsies as their national musicians. By way of giving the clue to these compositions, and indicating their epic value, Liszt commenced a preface which has swollen to a portly volume. By the time it appeared, the popularity of the Rhapsodies was already assured, and Liszt's claim to be the musical representative of the nation fully established. But for their proper appreciation the commentary is still desirable and necessary. If Liszt had been Bohemian, instead of having Magyar blood in his veins, he could scarcely have been more fitted for a task of this kind. In his descrip-

tions of their music it is not difficult to recognise certain dominant characteristics of his own, altogether apart from the conscious imitation of the Rhapsodies. He points out that the true Bohemian artist is he who only takes a motive of song or of dance as a text for a discourse, and who never loses sight of it during a sempiternal improvisation. The artist who wins admiration is he who enriches his subject with such a profusion of appoggiaturas, tremolos, scales, arpeggios, diatonic and chromatic passage-work, groups, and gruppetti of notes, that the initial theme scarcely shows under the luxury of embroideries. With this floriture Liszt deals tenderly, multiplying appreciative figures. They are butterflies, they resemble the leaps of a danseuse, they are bouquets of notes, starry atoms dispersed in the air like a luminous pollen, a fragrant rain, a foam snowy and glistening, the fall of a necklace of pearls in an opal vase, and the like. It is the Cygan in Liszt which speaks here with characteristic orientalism.

The sections dealing with Bohemian musicians and music are almost necessarily the most interesting of the volume. Apart from the musical relation, however, so admirable a study as that of the attempt to subject the Bohemian youth Jozy to the civilizing influences of ordinary musical tuition has distinct literary value, and even the more diffuse chapters of the book have their redeeming suggestiveness. Thus the section on the Jews was an excrescence which might, for all it concerns the gipsies, have been fittingly cut away; but it is impossible not to recognise the touches of a hand of more than usual power. Upon many points which he has taken up—like those of the gipsies in European art, the origin of the gipsies, and the historic notices—much more might, of course, have been said which Liszt has omitted. But the chief merit of the book is, after all, not so much a matter of antiquarian fulness and exactness as its indirect exhibition of the unique personality of the author.

The Art Theories of Richard Wagner.

BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

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BY far the larger and more important portion of Wagner's theoretical writings belongs to the period between 1849 and 1851. The political troubles of 1848 having driven him from his post in Dresden, he went for a time to Paris, where, in 1849, he wrote the pamphlet, "Die Kunst und die Revolution," which may be regarded as the key-note of his subsequent theorizing. He soon afterwards settled in Zürich, where he produced "Das Kunstwerk der Zukunft," "Kunst und Klima," "Oper und Drama," and the autobiographical "Mittheilung an Meine Freunde," in the order indicated, and all within a space of three years.

I shall begin with a short account of "Die Kunst und die Revolution" (Art and Revolution), and shall then indicate, by passages from "Das Kunstwerk der Zukunft" (The Art-Work of the Future), and "Oper und Drama" (Opera and Drama), the social and political conditions of which Wagner held the ideal Art to be a necessary outcome. The next section will be devoted to Wagner's exposition of the advantages of the Mythos as a material for his ideal art, while the three following divisions will contain an account of his retrospective criticism, his view of the origin and progress of the arts in general and of Opera and Drama in particular. Lastly, in the seventh section I shall attempt to give a sketch of his reconstructive theories as to the methods and in-

struments to be employed by the artists of the Future.

I.

THE KEY-NOTE.

["Art and Revolution."]

Greek art, which came to a focus in the drama, was the utterance of the free individuality of a whole people, which placed its physical and spiritual ideal in harmoniously-developed ever-active humanity. The thousands who ranged themselves row over row in the theatre recognised in the tragedy the noblest part of their own individual and national being. With the fall of the Athenian state came the fall of tragedy, over whose ruins Aristophanes wept in wildest laughter. The popular art of the Romans took the form of brutal satisfaction of their thirst for blood, in the combats of slaves out of all the nations they had enslaved. Meanwhile the *enslaved* had themselves become *enslaved*, and the Prætorian guards would every now and then vividly remind Cæsar himself that he was the greatest slave of all. Humanity, seized with self-disgust in this universal degradation, looked for some utterance of its spirit very far removed from art. This utterance was Christianity. Men cursed the life of earth, and aspired to endless glory hereafter as a reward for the self-contemning confession of impotent worthlessness which they called faith. The joy of life, the beauty of the flesh, was a snare of Satan; but it was at the same time the only possible foundation of art. The Greek rejoiced in his own nature, and hence he produced a great art; the Christian despised his own nature, and hence the theatre was replaced by the cloister, the Areopagus by the Inquisition, frank democracy by hypocritical absolutism. Hypocrisy was the most prominent feature of the times. Life was a continual contradiction between conscience and impulse, between imagination and reality. Chivalry, which tried to reconcile the contradiction, only emphasized it. The more rude and passionate the knights of real life, the more high-strung and heavenly the knights of romance. Chivalric poetry was the caricature of heroism, the honourable hypocrisy of fanaticism. Not till the fire of faith had burnt out in the church, and she became a worldly despotism, could the so-called renaissance of the arts take place. The church decked herself with the feathers of antique paganism, and thus openly flaunted her hypocrisy. Meanwhile the temporal princes who had gained wealth and an assured position, took the revived arts into their pay, until the classic puppets of Corneille and Racine recited tirades against tyranny in the very Court of Louis XIV. From this bondage art only freed itself to fall into the power of a yet more absolute master—Industry.

The Greek God Hermes was the messenger of Zeus, employed in every manifestation of natural order and necessity. Him the Romans degraded into Mercury, the god of exchange and barter, the god of never resting commerce, finally the god of scoundrelism. But this degraded godhead avenged itself by supplanting the Romans in their mastery of the world, where he now reigns as the divinity of five per cent., the ruler and orderer of our modern art, whose essence is industry, whose moral end is money-making, whose æsthetic purpose is the diversion of ennui.

The theatre is naturally the favourite abode of this art, which, indeed, reflects our soulless egoistic society as faithfully as Greek art reflected the Hellenic spirit. We find nowhere the true drama, that one, indivisible, highest art product of the human spirit. We draw a hard and fast line between the Play and the Opera, thus withdrawing from the play the idealizing expression of music, from the opera its essence and highest end in the true drama. When the prince comes to the theatre after the serious exertion of dining, the banker absorbed

in a nervous speculation, the artisan after a day of mechanical toil, what have they to do with ideal art? They want mere distraction and this is the sole function of all art which grows out of our modern life. Yet the possibility of a true and noble art is always present. There have always been great spirits capable of a great work if only the nations would co-operate with them. But this condition is essential—the tragedies of Æschylus and Sophocles were the work of Athens. What has Shakespeare's revelation of the endless riches of human nature profited us? What has it profited us that Beethoven endowed music with manly poetic power? Ask the pitiful caricatures of your theatre, ask the barrel-organ commonplaces of your opera music, and you will have your answer.

The Greek tragedy was a religious solemnity; we set our police to see that the theatre does not meddle with religion. In the Greek theatre the whole nation assembled; in our theatres lounge only the moneyed classes. The education of the Greek fitted him in body and spirit for artistic enjoyment; ours is directed entirely towards money-making. Thus the Greek art was true art—ours, artistic handicraft. Of soulless toil the Greek knew little; that he left to his slaves. In his eyes only the strong and beautiful man was free, and he alone, the worshipper of Apollo, was strong and beautiful. Other men were barbarians and slaves. In this narrow exclusiveness lay the weakness and instability of the Greek culture. It was reserved for subsequent history to prove that where all cannot be equally free and happy, all must be equally enslaved and miserable. The course of history from the Hellenic age to the present has not been to free the slave but enslave the free. Money alone gives a false sensation of freedom, and hence the rage for it which infects our modern life.

At the fall of the Greek tragedy its elements flew asunder, and maintained a separate existence as Rhetoric, Sculpture, Painting, Music, &c. At the Renaissance these arts were revived in their separate condition, and have continued apart. The Art of the Future will have to reunite them—not to reconstruct the Greek tragedy which was founded on a narrow form of human development, but to give birth to a Drama which shall answer to the needs of a free, strong, and beautiful Humanity. This art, too, now that culture has become self-conscious, must precede and clear the way for the coming development. The goal is *strong and beautiful Humanity: Revolution brings Strength, Art brings Beauty.*

When mere bread-winning is no longer the one thought of mankind; when subsistence is secured to everyone by the mere exercise of healthy natural activity; when industry is our servant, not our master; when education begins with the cultivation of strength and physical beauty; when men, as in Athens of old, renounce private luxury and ostentation to concentrate their resources upon great public art-achievements; then will the richly-developed arts find their point of union in the Drama, in the splendid Human-Tragedy. The Tragedy will be the festival of humanity, wherein man will recognise himself in his highest freedom, his highest strength, and his highest beauty.

[To be continued.]

"The devil," Luther said, "is a sorrowful spirit, and presses hard on human beings. He does not like people to be merry, therefore he always escapes wherever music is heard, and never remains where cantatas are sung. One day the devil so destroyed my memory that I could not remember my prayer; but I sang a cantata, and soon recovered my memory. Kings and princes should encourage music, and protect those practising the free as well as the severe. The Bible teaches us that good kings always kept singers. Music gives consolation in sorrow, refreshes the heart, and gives peace to the soul."—*Letter of Jerome de Cock.*

The Story of a Guitar.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "A Woman's Glory," "When We Two Parted," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

THERE was a window on the landing, commanding a fine view of roofs and chimneys, and I stood watching little white clouds sailing swiftly across the blue April sky. I could hear the doctor's deep voice in the sick-room, and then a faint tone in reply. At length the door opened, and I was bidden to enter.

The room was large, and looked lighter and more airy than London rooms generally do. There was a light paper on the walls, and some kind hand had pinned up several coloured engravings, which made the sick chamber look something like a nursery. The invalid was sitting in an easy chair stuffed with pillows, and placed near a bright fire. Resting against the arm of the chair, just within reach of the sick man's hand, was the guitar.

The doctor quietly introduced us to each other; and Monsieur Léon's eyes, looking strangely brilliant in his worn face, seemed to flash me a glance of welcome. He was very ill; the pinched features and hollow cheeks told a pathetic tale of long suffering; but the smile, that came readily and brightly, was full of courage and sweetness. Evidently Monsieur Léon was not to be daunted by the approach of death.

"It is very good of you to come and see me, Madame," he said, with easy courtesy. "Will you be seated, and talk a little while? As for that dear doctor, his minutes are worth guineas. Ah, I wish sometimes that he could waste an hour, as idle people can! Now, I see that he is going to scold me!"

"Not to scold you, only to warn you, Léon," put in Dr Warstone, kindly. "Don't let your spirit run away with your strength. Remember that you must not say many words without resting. You have a great deal to tell Mrs Hepburn;—well, you will be wise to make your story as short as possible. She has an invalid at home who will watch the clock till she comes back."

"Ah, your husband, is it not?" said Monsieur Léon, turning eagerly to me. "It is he to whom I am to give my guitar?"

The doctor gave us a parting smile and went his way.

"Yes," I answered, as the door closed. "It will be a great kindness, gratefully accepted. But can you spare it, Monsieur Léon?"

"Spare it!" he repeated. "Ah, Madame, do you suppose I would leave my guitar to the mercy of ignorant strangers? It is you who are doing the kindness. You are willing to shelter this beloved friend of mine, and give it a home when I am gone. More! you will let it speak to you in the sweet language which has so often soothed and comforted me. You will not condemn it to dust and silence and decay!"

"Oh, no," I said, earnestly, struck with the poor Frenchman's grace of manner and expression. "To my husband, the guitar will be as dear as it has been to you. It will always be within his reach,—always taken up in his spare moments. As for me, I love to hear it played, although I am no player myself."

Monsieur Léon had remembered the doctor's injunction, and was silent for a moment. His voice sounded a little weaker when he spoke again.

"It was in India," he went on, "that I first became possessed of my guitar. When I was young, I had friends, and they sent me to Bombay to be clerk in a mercantile house. But ah, madame,

it was my misfortune to love music better than figures, and so I did not make the best of clerks. I saw the guitar in a bazaar one day, and bought it for a mere trifle. It is old, as you see, and of Spanish make. Look at this beautiful mosaic work of mother-o'-pearl and silver? You do not find anything like it now-a-days."

He drew the instrument towards him, and pointed out its beauties with evident pride. It was of dark wood, delicately inlaid with a quaint and fanciful pattern. But the tone? I wished he would touch the strings.

"I will not weary you with a history of myself and my doings," he continued. "It is enough to say that the guitar has been with me through many years of sorrow and misfortune. When it has spoken to me I have forgotten my troubles. Often I have sat alone in a dreary London room, and listened to the tinkle of mule-bells on the passes. Or I have seen the southern moon rise over the walls of the Alhambra, and heard the dark-eyed gipsies sing the songs of Spain. But sometimes my guitar has said things that I cannot understand. Sometimes there are melodies of which I fail to find the meaning. It is strange."

Was his mind wandering? There was a dreamy look in his face as he sank back on the pillows, and his thin fingers began to stray over the strings. I waited in silence.

Mechanically he tuned the guitar, and played a few chords. Then came a strange, sweet tune that reminded me of fairy music floating down from distant hills.

"The horns of Elfland faintly blowing,"

might have sounded just as soft and gay. There was nothing sad in the melody, but it left its hearer unsatisfied. What did it mean? What words were set to this enchanting air? One wanted to hear it again and yet again.

The feeble hands soon came to a pause, and I saw that all the fire had died out of Monsieur Léon's eyes. It was time for me to go. I had long outstayed the "half-hour" to which nurse had limited my absence. Ronald would be anxiously looking for my return.

"I am afraid you are exhausted," I said, rising. "Is there nothing I can do before I leave you?"

He thanked me softly and shook his head. Then, with a gesture, he desired me to take up the guitar. But I touched it reluctantly. It must have been so hard for him to part with it. It seemed so cruel to take it away.

"Are you really willing to let it go?" I asked, anxiously.

He roused himself, and looked at me with a sudden smile.

"The time has come," he said. "I cannot take it with me where I am going. Give it to your husband, madame, with the good wishes of a dying man. I send it away with a blessing."

The words were almost solemnly uttered. When he had spoken, he sank back wearily and closed his eyes; and I saw that the short-lived strength, lent him by excitement, had ebbed away. There was nothing more for me to stay for, but my eyes were full of tears when I left the room. That last farewell was echoing in my ears as I carried the guitar carefully downstairs.

In my old country home I had often heard it said that the blessing of the dying is a good gift. I was glad to recall those parting words, although they made me weep. And little did I then know how strangely significant they would seem to me in a time that was yet to come.

Before I had got to the bottom of the stairs I met a nursing sister, evidently on her way to the sick room. She stood aside to let me pass, and it comforted me to feel that Monsieur Léon would not long be left alone.

The world scarcely seemed to be like itself when I came out into Soho Square again. There had been something dreamy and romantic in the poor Frenchman's talk, and it was strange to find myself

out in the fresh spring air with the guitar in my arms. A small boy called a hansom for me, and I went rattling home through the workaday streets, half sad and half glad, holding fast to my new possession. What would Ronald say when he saw me coming into his room? I had been away quite a long while, and he would be tired of lying still and waiting for my return.

The cab set me down in Chapel Place, and I let myself in with a latch-key. In the next minute I entered the parlour, triumphantly bearing the guitar, and found myself face to face with my husband. He was dressed, and lying on the sofa, looking just a little inclined to find fault with everybody, and with me in particular.

"I didn't think you would have got up," I began in a tone of apology.

"Why not? I felt quite well enough, and nurse helped me. I've had enough of bed, I can assure you. Your shopping seems to have taken a whole morning! What have you there? A guitar?"

"Yes, Ronald. I suppose nurse has told you that yours is broken. This is another that I have got to-day."

"Dear little woman!" cried the poor fellow, brightening. "I was afraid you would say that we could not afford another. Where did you buy it? How much did you give? I wish I had tried it before it was bought."

"Supposing it isn't bought at all?" I said, putting Monsieur Léon's treasure into the eager hands outstretched to receive it.

"Oh, then I suppose you have only borrowed it!"

He swept his fingers across the strings, and a sudden look of pleasure flashed into his face.

"It is very good—better than mine, Louise. Do they want much money for it?"

"Who are 'they'?" I demanded, provokingly.

"Ah, Ronald, I won't tantalise you any more! The guitar is yours, really yours; and there is nothing to pay for it."

"You are a little witch," said my husband. "Go and take off that shabby old bonnet of yours, and then come here and tell me all about it."

The bonnet *was* shabby, I knew that well enough, and I knew, too, that it would be a long time before I could get a fresh one. But the "outward adorning" did not occupy my mind just then, nor did I even bestow one regretful thought on the faded face inside the poor bonnet. I was eager to get back to Ronald's side, and see him enjoying his new possession. Moreover, I had a wonderful story to tell, and the telling of it would make the rest of the morning pass pleasantly away.

He was deeply interested in my account of the doctor's poor patient, and asked more questions about Monsieur Léon than I could possibly answer. And then the gift underwent a close examination; in fact he scarcely cared to part with it even for a moment.

I had gone out of the room to speak to Nurse, and when I returned I found my husband standing close to the window. He was looking into the guitar with earnest eyes, and glanced up at me as I came in, saying that he had just made a discovery.

"Do go back to your sofa, dear," I entreated.

"I wanted to get the light," he answered. "This is such a dark room. Louise, here is a curious thing."

"Well, go back to the sofa, and then tell me what it is."

"No, no," he said petulantly, "come here and see. You know that inside a guitar there is generally a paper pasted, bearing the maker's name. Well, look at this paper, and read what is written upon it."

He held the instrument up to catch the light. And then, indeed, I did see the paper, and some words inscribed upon it in a woman's hand. These words were written in Spanish, and I did not know their meaning till he translated them.

"Hope guards the jewels," he read, thoughtfully.

"Now, what does that mean, I wonder?"

"How can we ever tell?" I cried. "What do we know of those who once owned this guitar? But you are looking fagged and pale, Ronald; and if you are going to lose your afternoon nap, I shall wish that I had never brought that thing into the house."

He consented at last to lie down on the couch and shut his eyes. Soon I had the satisfaction of seeing that he was fast asleep, with the guitar lying by his side.

Later on, when the soft dusk of the spring evening was creeping over Chapel Place, my husband's fingers began to wander lovingly across the strings; and I sat and listened to him in the twilight, just as I had done a hundred times before. It was the resting time of the day; my hands lay idly folded in my lap, and I was leaning back in a low chair with a sense of quietness and peace. He was not strong enough yet to sing the songs that I had written in our happy courting-days. He could only strike the chords, and bring out of them that fairy-like music which is always sweetest when it is heard in the gloaming.

Presently there came again that soft, gay melody that Monsieur Léon had played, and again it stirred me with a strange surprise. Surely it was unlike anything I had ever heard before. How and where did Ronald learn it?

He repeated the air, and I listened, entranced and wondering. It seemed to me that the chords were giving out a fuller sound than I had ever heard yet.

"Ronald, what is that? Where did you first hear it?" I asked, raising myself, and bending eagerly towards him.

He did not immediately reply. A flame shot up suddenly from the low fire, and showed me the thoughtful, dreamy look upon his face. At length he spoke.

"I was just wondering," he answered, "where I had first heard it. It seems to be an echo of something that I knew years and years ago. And yet I could fancy that it came out of my own brain, just as your verses come out of yours."

"But I heard it from Monsieur Léon this morning," I said, "and it had a strange effect upon me."

"Did the Frenchman play it? Then, depend upon it, I have got it from some old music-book that I have not seen for ages. Only I can't remember playing it on my old guitar."

"You never did," I replied. "I know all that you play. Poor Monsieur Léon has laid his spell upon those strings!"

You are getting fanciful, Louise," he said, looking wonderingly at me through the mist of twilight.

"Perhaps I am. Monsieur Léon's talk to-day was fanciful; it might have been that his mind was wandering. He said that the guitar sometimes spoke to him of things that he could not understand, and then he played that very air. It is an air that needs a poem to interpret its meaning."

"Well, why don't you write one?" Ronald asked. "I will try to play it again."

He did play it again. And once more I felt the influence of the soft gladness,—the faint sweet triumph that was expressed in the melody. But when he paused, I shook my head.

"It goes beyond me," I confessed. "I can find no words that will harmonise with that air. It leaves me with an inexplicable longing to find out its true meaning; but I think I shall never know it."

"I have had that feeling once or twice in my life," said Ronald, musingly. "I remember a winter afternoon when I was waiting for a train in a strange town, and strolled into an old church to pass away the time. Some one was playing on the organ—a voluntary, perhaps—and the music came drifting along the empty aisles. I stood just inside the west door, and listened, trying to find out what it meant. But I could not tell."

"Let us put the guitar away now," I entreated, catching the tone of weariness in his voice. "You

have been sitting up quite long enough, dear, and there is a bright fire in the next room. What a chilly spring it is! This evening is as cold as winter."

For a wonder he complied meekly with my request, and walked from the parlour into the bed-chamber with his arm round my shoulders. In a little while he was in a sound sleep, his head resting quietly on the pillow, while I moved gently about the room and put things in order for the night.

I was too tired to sit long over my needlework, although a piled-up work-basket reminded me that there was plenty of mending to be done. But, sleepy as I really was, that mysterious melody was still haunting my brain, and I found myself trying to set words to it unawares. Only fragments of rhyme came to me; bits of verses never to be finished; and at last I endeavoured to forget the air altogether. Yet even in slumber it came back, and again I saw Monsieur Léon's thin face and brilliant eyes, and heard his parting blessing.

When the morning came, and I went into the parlour to get my husband's breakfast, there lay the guitar upon the sofa. And I almost started at the sight of it, for I had half persuaded myself that it was merely a thing of my dreams.

CHAPTER VII.

It almost seemed as if the guitar helped Ronald on to perfect recovery. As the spring days advanced his strength increased, and Doctor Warstone's visits were discontinued. How much I missed those visits I never owned. I think the influence of that good man's strong nature and wise, cheerful words had sustained me unawares. And when I lost sight of the kind face, and ceased to hear the friendly voice, I became conscious of my own weakness.

We had not money enough to go out of town for change of air. Moreover, with Ronald's returning health came the urgent need of finding work to do; and where was he to find work if it was not to be found in London? When we were first married I had been quite sanguine about his chance of getting employment. He could do so many things, that it seemed impossible for him to fail. But later on I discovered that the man who can do many things is precisely the man who *does* fail.

He could paint a tambourine beautifully, and hang it up on a wall with good effect; and he had a perfect genius for arranging old china, and giving artistic touches to a room. And there was the guitar-playing, and the singing, to say nothing of a graceful manner, and a way of gliding naturally into the best society. Useful gifts these, were they not? Gifts which ought, of course, to have ensured their possessor a good income, and complete immunity from all the petty anxieties of life!

But, alas! they did not. Days lengthened into weeks; we left off fires, and were glad to open the windows and let the London air enter our little room. All the best people were in town; streets and squares were gay with carriages; women looked charming in their freshly-donned costumes; but I, Louise Hepburn, crept about in my shabby old gown, carrying a heavy heart, and perpetually doing long addition sums. Oh, those weekly bills which my good nurse never presented! Would they ever get paid?

It was about this time that Ronald began to miss my old cheerfulness. Somehow there were not so many things to laugh at as there used to be. The comic side of life seemed to be hidden from my gaze. Mental arithmetic does not foster one's sense of humour, and the fun was gradually dying out of my nature. I suppose I was a dull companion; and even devotedness cannot quite make up for dulness. One evening, when we were sitting together in our small parlour, he looked at me and sighed.

"I don't think I acted quite fairly in persuading you to marry me, Louise," he said, after a brief pause.

"Are you going in for vain regret, and that sort of thing?" I asked, feeling my cheeks flush.

"No; but I ought to have waited till I was better off, or"—

"Or what?" I cried, hotly. "I hate an unfinished sentence. Shall I finish it for you? 'You ought to have waited till you were better off, or till you had met a richer woman!'"

It was the most foolish speech that I could possibly have made. But is there ever a loving woman who does not, at certain times, say the most disastrous things? The more she loves, the more likely she is to speak unwisely. It was just one of those moments when a man sees that he has the advantage, and Ronald was as quick-sighted as most men. Moreover he, too, was by no means in his best mood that night, although he answered with a calmness that nearly maddened me.

"I met a richer woman long before I ever saw you," he said, looking at me steadily to note the effect of his word.

There was a sharp pain at my heart, and the blood rushed into my face and then receded, leaving me deadly pale.

"Why didn't you take her?" I demanded, in a voice that did not sound in the least like mine. "It was a pity that you missed so good a chance."

He smiled faintly, as if my suppressed excitement amused him.

"Well, there were obstacles in the way," he replied in a provokingly tranquil tone. "She had a perfect dragon of an uncle, who was her guardian. And after some months of futile love-making, we had to say a long good-bye."

"You did not tell me all this before we got engaged," said I, in my new, strange voice. "Wouldn't it have been more honourable if you had told me that you only sought me because you had failed in winning a girl you liked better?"

"It would, Louise, always supposing that I had liked the other girl better."

There was a silence, and my heart beat with quick, heavy throbs. Until now I had never known the tremendous power of jealousy that lay dormant within me. To the last day of my life I shall remember the fierce agony that rent my soul as I sat in my seat by the window, idly watching the passers-by. What did they know of my trouble? Had any of them ever tasted such a bitter cup as mine?

"Is she still unmarried?" I asked at last.

"Yes."

"What is her name?"

"Ida Lorimer."

I had some vague recollection of that name. It must have been mentioned by Lady Waterville. Surely I had heard her say something about having lost sight of an Ida Lorimer who had been rather a favourite of hers. As I sat and mused, a host of memories came trooping back; and then I distinctly recalled a certain photograph in Lady Waterville's album, and remembered the widow's languid complaint that "Ida never came to see her now-a-days."

I was in the state of mind when bitter words are one's sole relief. And the words that burst from my lips were as bitter as if an evil spirit had prompted their utterance.

"It was a pity that you had to say good-bye to her! I wish she had had to bear all that I have borne. I wish that she were in my place at this moment!"

Of course there was but one thing for Ronald to do after that outburst, and he did it. He got up quietly, put on his hat, left the room, and went out of doors. In the next moment I saw him stride past the window, with his chin well up, and eyes looking straight ahead.

Dear heaven, what a dark cloud had suddenly descended on the little parlour, where we had

spent so many happy hours together! It was all my fault, I told myself; and then I got up and wandered aimlessly into the other room.

Before the looking-glass I came to a pause, and gazed wearily at the reflection of my own face. I suppose it was once a pretty face; but now the grey eyes looked at me with an expression of infinite woe; the complexion, always pale, had taken a sallown tinge, and even the sunny chestnut hair was less abundant than it had been in happier days. Nursing and anxiety had stolen away a good deal of my youth and brightness. But Ida Lorimer had doubtless kept all her attractions. I remembered the photograph of a fair, calm-faced woman in evening dress, with a beautiful neck and shoulders, and a general look of prosperity and self-satisfaction, and the cruel fangs of jealousy began to gnaw my heart again, and I turned away from the glass with a low moan of pain.

By-and-bye the clock struck seven, and, for the first time since my marriage, I sat down to dinner alone. It was then that I began to realize what it was to feed on the "bread of affliction." Ronald's empty place deprived me of all appetite, and the chicken, which Nurse had roasted to perfection, went back to the kitchen almost untasted. In my remorse and loneliness I was even more severe on myself than there was any need to be. The vixenish wife had driven her much-enduring husband out of doors to seek his food elsewhere! It was quite likely that, sickened with grief and heartache, he would go without a dinner altogether.

This last fear was about as silly a notion as ever tormented a weak-minded woman. As a rule, the man of unquiet mind will fly to dinner as a solace, instead of turning from it in disgust. Quarrel with him at home, and he rushes out to the best restaurant in Regent Street, and consoles himself with perfect cookery and a pint of champagne. But I, being new to men and their ways, had not then discovered all their sources of consolation.

Moreover, I forgot that the wear and tear of Ronald's illness and the worry of our strained means had told upon my health, and made my temper unnaturally irritable. As I sat, dropping my foolish tears upon the table-cloth, I did not realize the fact that I had been the chief burden-bearer in our married life. For many weeks Ronald had had nothing to do but get well, and accept all the petting that was lavished upon him. I had had to work, slave, struggle to make two ends meet, and sink down crushed under the load of embarrassments that I could not lift alone.

Yet we were both to blame, Ronald and I. When we had stood at the altar in St. George's Church (where so many wealthier couples had stood before us), we had perfectly realized that we were taking each other for better, for worse. When there is "the little rift within the lute" you may generally conclude that it has been made by two, not by one alone. Patch it up before it widens, deal with the damaged instrument as tenderly as you can, if you want to keep its music. Even if the sounds are never again so sweet as they used to be, they are better than the total silence that makes all life a long regret.

The May daylight lingered long, even on the grey walls of Chapel Place. I sat watching the slow fading of the sunbeams, and starting at every footstep that seemed to pause at the house door. Every knock or ring set all my nerves quivering. Meanwhile, I prepared a hundred little speeches of conciliation, and thought of a hundred little ways of atoning for my unkind words; and the weary hours crawled away, and the stars came out above the great restless London world. Would he never return? Must I watch and wait all through the long night?

Ten o'clock—did the clocks ever make such a dreadful din before? I began to pace my two rooms like a wild creature in its cage; and so another hour went by, and I had to stop, worn out, and sink into a seat. Eleven. Every stroke fell like a heavy blow upon my brain.

I got up from my chair, hardly knowing what I did, and staggered towards the door with some vague intention of seeking Nurse, and asking her what was to be done? But just at that moment I heard a key turn in the hall door, and then the parlour door was suddenly flung open, and my husband came in. With a cry that I could not repress, I sprang up to him, and put my arms round his neck, hiding my poor worn face on his breast.

"Oh, Ronald," I sobbed, "I have been breaking my heart for you. Forgive my cruel words, and try to love me again!"

He folded me in a close embrace, and answered me with fond murmurs that were more reassuring than a thousand formal sentences. Spent and exhausted as I was, I had seldom, perhaps never, known a happier moment than this. The ecstasy of relief was almost more than I could bear.

"I didn't mean to stay out so late, dear little woman," he said, penitently. "The fact was that I met Greystock, and he asked me to dine with him. It's a long while since I saw him, and we had a good many things to talk about. Altogether it was a lucky meeting; he is the man to give one a helping hand, you know. But how fearfully white you look, poor child!"

He bent over me with a face full of anxiety. Somehow the mere mention of Greystock's name had an ominous sound in my ears. Even in that moment I recalled the many plans that had failed;—the seemingly good counsel that had led to no substantial result. In every case, William Greystock had been the planner and counsellor, and I could not persuade myself that this meeting with him had been, as my husband thought, a lucky meeting.

But those we love best are precisely the people who can never be made to see with our eyes. I knew that Ronald would not be induced to distrust Greystock at my bidding; and as I was still smarting from the consciousness of having spoken unadvisedly once that day, I would not commit a second blunder. So I owned meekly that I was over-tired and over-worn, and let Ronald soothe me and wait on me to his heart's content.

I slept soundly that night, the heavy sleep of exhaustion, and when I woke the next morning I had aching limbs, and a general sense of languor and weakness. Ronald was full of anxiety, and a self-reproach which he would not put into words. It was a rare thing for me to break down, and it troubled him to see the effort I made to get up to breakfast and seem like my old self.

"I wish I had not promised to go to Greystock's office to-day," he said, regretfully. "I don't like leaving you, Louise, although I think I have a chance of getting employment."

"Have you, really?" I asked. "Don't think of staying indoors for me, dear; I shall be quite bright when you return. It will be delightful to feel you are a City man, with important business to attend to every day. You are looking much better."

"I am gaining my strength, but you are losing yours," he said, kissing me, and keeping back a sigh.

We had finished breakfast, but, instead of going out at once, he took up the guitar, and ran his fingers across the strings. Again came the soft sweet tune that had no name, the tune which had so often haunted me in my dreams.

"What does it mean?" I cried involuntarily.

"I don't know," he said, "I can't help asking myself the same question every time I play it. If I could only remember how I learnt it first, I could solve the mystery."

"I think there is something rather fascinating about the mystery," I remarked. "That air always cheers, while it perplexes me. It comes like a suggestion of sunshine. It seems full of promises,—promises of what? I wish I knew."

Ronald smiled at me as he put down the guitar. "Promises of better fortune,—let us believe that," he said. "But good fortune doesn't always come

to those who sit and wait. I am going to seek it in Greystock's office."

Again I felt a sudden heart-sinking. And yet how absurd and unreasonable this dislike to William Greystock would appear to others. As far as I knew, he had never done me the slightest harm, nor had he ever crossed my path since my marriage. Even supposing he had once been somewhat in love with me, was that any reason why I should hate the sound of his name? Any way, he had never pestered me with unwelcome attentions, but had withdrawn himself quietly when he found that my heart was not for him. And being a strong-minded, strong-willed man, he had doubtless conquered his fancy long ago.

Ronald took up his hat and stick, kissed me again, and went off, whistling as gaily as a school-boy. He really had the air of a man who was going to find good things; and I could not help fancying that our mysterious melody had inspired him with a cheerful spirit. And then, after he had gone his way, the miserable experience of last night rushed back into my mind like a flood, and, silly woman that I was, I sat still and brooded over it.

I felt I should like to know a little more about his affair with Ida Lorimer. But not for the world would I ever mention her name to him again,—no, not if we lived together as man and wife for a hundred years! Yet if any one who had known my husband in his bachelor days—Lady Waterville, for instance—would give me some scraps of information about him and Ida, I knew that I should fasten greedily upon them.

Later on, I learnt that love should listen to no tales that do not come from the loved one's own lips. But heaven only knows what bitter hours we spend before we have mastered that lesson.

[To be continued.]

The Cat's Jugue.

I WANT you to imagine a little house peeping out of deep green myrtle bushes, with the vines creeping over its walls, and roses and orange trees drooping above and around it. Away in the distance is the queenly Naples, and the blue Italian sky bathes all in soft light. Have we dwellers among the ice and snow not all dreamt of this glowing southern scene; have we not felt the kiss of the ever-smiling sun, and had visions of unfading loveliness?

Ah! you could gaze for ever on the enchanting picture; so too it would seem could the elderly carelessly-dressed man who sits at the door of the house. His eyes are lost in the azure splendour; he heeds not the flowers and the scents, or the hum of insect life about him. Still he is no dreamer, as you may see by the passionate energy expressed in the features, and the glowing black eyes which contrast with the hair of snow. That is Alessandro Scarlatti. A harp rests against his chair; and before it sits a great black cat swelling with conscious dignity. The tip of his tail is beautifully white, and this he softly passes over the strings of the harp, drawing from it a number of not unpleasant sounds. His master expresses no objection to the cat's musical studies, and the tones rise and fall in a manner obviously very satisfying to the performer.

The cat was named Ponto, and this musical feat had become his daily joy. He permitted his idiosyncrasy full play, accompanying the motion of his inspired tail with excited leaps; sometimes emotion mastered him, and he then broke forth into one of the ancient melodies of his race by which, as the legend runs, stones have been softened and men driven to distraction. But Scarlatti rarely moved a muscle, except to laugh at the cat's fits. Perhaps this was because the cat could listen

as well as play. When the lamp was lit and Scarlatti himself took the harp, the cat sat in his corner solemn as a magistrate. No wonder; for if all tales be true, Scarlatti's playing charmed the birds in the orange grove into silence and the flowers bent their heads in eagerness to listen.

Scarlatti looked a noble old bard—an Ossian, but without Ossian's weight of care. His soul went out in the music if ever man's did, and the cat, whose feelings were tender because of an affliction of the heart, would occasionally give way to anguish, while his green eyes melted and ran over with tears. Then Scarlatti would comfort his companion, caressing him into a less sentimental mood.

The cat had an enviable existence. He was his master's sole companion, night and day, wanted nothing, and heard the music of the greatest composer of the century. When the inspiration was upon Scarlatti, Ponto's place was on his left shoulder, from which vantage he gently stroked his master's beard. If Scarlatti's thoughts were halting or the ink was bad, or his hand grew weary, he sometimes with an impatient shrug precipitated Ponto to the ground. Ponto, however, never took offence; bless you, he knew what it was to compose and how the temper suffers, and his forbearance was great. After a judicious pause he would softly return and reascend his throne, singing softly the while his song of peace. Then when Scarlatti laid down the pen, Ponto's happiness was supreme: he knew that may caressings were in store for him, and also some more solid symbols of internal satisfaction. But there was one bitter drop in Ponto's cup of happiness. It was the Sunday visit of a wild young student who came regularly early to visit Scarlatti, and departed painfully late. He was a favourite pupil of the old master, and was named Hasse. I think his home was beyond the Rhine. Ponto knew all about it; he had given the subject much heartfelt attention; he had noticed every shade in the young man's red and white complexion, and every curl in his brown locks. He had good reason to know, because it was the young man's chief delight to torment him and use him in a way wholly devoid of dignity. This impudent fellow would fasten a bell to Ponto's tail, put baby-shoes on his feet, crown him with roses, or cover him with orange-blossoms, the scent of which invariably produced in Ponto a sneezing fit. Climax of all evil, the merry student possessed a dog—a white-haired, brown-eyed, wicked little imp. Handsome too, as Ponto was forced to admit, with a sense of added aggravation. If the master was bad the dog took after him, and between the two Ponto fretted his nerves away to a condition fit for fiddle-strings.

But all this time Scarlatti has been sitting at the door of the rose-covered house, and Ponto is having a concert with unlimited encores and no prospective criticism. How long the performance might have continued there is no knowing if the young man and his companion had not appeared.

"Good morning, Meister Scarlatti," said Hasse, the picture of good health and kindness; "how glad I am to see you!"

Scarlatti nodded, and smiling partly in pleasure, partly in amusement at the young man's terrible northern accent.

"I shall be a poor companion for you to-day, Hasse. My head is buzzing with ideas, but they will not connect themselves into melodies. I want something very original, but it constantly escapes me. Now no nonsense, I pray; if that beast is not quiet I may be driven to wring his neck!"

"Nay, nay, Meister Scarlatti, I see you are fretting, but you will not hurt my little Freulieb; you know my German sweetheart gave him to me, and he and I are inseparable."

Scarlatti recovered his good-humour, and looked kindly at his young friend. Hasse was leaning against an orange tree. For a moment the mention of his sweetheart had raised in his mind thoughts of a distant land, with a bright sky and snow-

crowned mountains. Then the dog Freulieb, who had no aptness for reverie, sprang upon him begging for notice. Scarlatti returned to his musing, and the young man was left to maintain law and order in the musician's establishment.

For a little, things went with suspicious smoothness. Hasse played the mentor of the two animals. But ere long he drew from his pocket a little wig and a pair of spectacles. Then catching up Ponto he proceeded to make of him a wise and sapient judge, a performance from which the dog derived the liveliest satisfaction. Scarlatti was not indifferent to the humour of the scene, but was too politic to show it. He gave one or two unmusical growls, whereat Hasse caught up the two animals and carried them to Scarlatti's study. In the study the old clavichord was standing invitingly open, and to introduce the subsequent proceedings fittingly the young man dashed off a witches' dance. Freulieb barked for joy, though why he should be so joyous the cat could not see. Nor was there any apparent reason for leaping upon Ponto's back and embracing his swarthy neck with two little white paws. This was more than any cat of quality, not to say of musical taste, could stand. Ponto's noble self-restraint vanished; and round the room he careered, bearing his canine burden. He grew desperate. He tried to walk up perpendicular walls, he had a steeplechase over chairs and tables, swept like a whirlwind over his master's papers. Hasse would have helped him, but Ponto was not persuaded of the philanthropic character of the young man's intentions. Moreover he was getting hot and weary.

At last he had a great and glorious idea, a sublime inspiration. He would call his master to his aid. Music would be the means. He sprang upon the keys of the clavichord, leaped from note to note, performed a brilliant scale passage, tore from end to end of the instrument like a tornado, and sang in many keys and in complex forms the ancient melody of his race. With the first notes of Ponto's music the dog fell back in alarm, making a dull chord of sound on the instrument. But what was that? The chaos of sounds produced by Ponto has been transformed into a melody, and through the roses and vines appears Scarlatti's face lit with rapture.

"Come to my heart, Ponto, you have found it," he cried. Ponto went to his heart with as much impetuosity as he could summon, and Scarlatti sent pupil and dog about their other business for a day.

On the morrow, when the youth reappeared, he found Scarlatti in beaming good-humour, holding a sheet of paper on which the music notes were still wet, and bearing the title "The Cat's Fugue." Listen, said Scarlatti. He seated himself at the instrument, and played an ingenious fugue, in which might be recognised the tones produced by Ponto in his scamper and plunge over the keys as he sang the ancient melody of his race. The woes of a persecuted cat had been transmuted to good classical music, with subject and answer according to the scholastic rule. You may imagine how master and pupil laughed, and how pleased Ponto was with himself and with every one as he sat blinking on Scarlatti's left shoulder. It is my opinion that more music has been suggested by Ponto and his friends than the public, the musicians, and the critics have any idea of. If you have any doubt about this go and hear Rubinstein play Scarlatti's "Cat's Fugue."

After the German of ELISE POLKO.

To play Mendelssohn properly, one ought to play, say, Mozart before. All tendency towards a sentimental reading, even in certain melodic passages peculiar to him and of frequent occurrence in his work, should be abandoned. Let such passages be performed strictly and simply in time, with a full, even touch, and they will certainly be found to have more charm and more distinction played in this way than in agitated *passionate rubato*. Mendelssohn insisted above all things upon a rigid observance of time.—BÜLOW.

My lady Belton.

A CHAPTER IN DIMINUENDO.

WHATEVER my Lady Belton said was sure to be right; and although cynics may not be mistaken in saying that it therefore goes without saying that whatever my Lady Belton did was sure to be wrong, yet the assurance of her dogma rectified the deed in her own eyes, if not in those of other people. The belief of to-day might be the derision of to-morrow, science might discard its worn-out theories as my Lady did her week-old dresses, the proverbial kingdom might rise and fall and ape the proverbial phoenix, but in all the flux and reflux of things there was one thing absolute and unchanging—the dictum of my Lady Belton. The progressive principle of life had reached in her its maximum development; and, having once been evolved, there was nothing left for her, but to revolve, for the edification of the saints and the beatitude of all beholders. For a matter of three years she had regarded herself as a sort of *deus ex machina* to the entire social universe, and it must be conceded that she had found no special reason to alter her opinion. She seemed born to get always her own way in life; for however the shorn lamb may fare, there is certainly a providence who tempers the wind to the constitutional egoist, and my lady was egoist *par excellence*—the top of egoistic admiration. The world, in her opinion, was a puppet-box in which she fingered the strings, or could do when she chose, and to her omnipotent "I" the heaven was but a dot and the earth-line a dash beneath it by way of emphasis. In the days of her prosperity Death itself would scarcely have ventured to approach her with his usual abruptness, but only with an apologetic "By your leave, ma'am," like a well-tipped guard on a railway journey.

Room, then, for my Lady Belton! The door of the saloon swings back; the powdered attendant enunciates with a sort of ore rotundo spasm the usual, though in this case somewhat unnecessary formula; from the groups and clusters of guests there is a sudden magical uprisal of white fronts and black coats; mysterious glances are exchanged by the momentarily forsaken ladies, and so—proud of her brief homage of silence—glides in my Lady. A fulfilled ambition is not infrequently creative of dignity even where there is poor material to work upon; but in my Lady's case the dignity had preceded the fulfilment of the ambition, and had only been heightened by it with an additional touch of self-consciousness. Some indeed were to be found who asserted that there was little in her beyond the appearance of queenliness to which her success could be ascribed; but as these were for the most part ladies, or husbands who had only too good reason to appease their wives with an occasional bouquet of calumnies, too much stress ought not to be laid upon their statements. True or untrue, she certainly looked a queen. The undulant dark hair swept back from the pale forehead with its level eyebrows, the firmly rounded chin, the erect robust figure, all betokened it; and if at first there seemed something in the heavy-lidded eyes and the small full mouth which hinted at a pleasure loving-eastern indolence not wholly in accord with an ideal royalty, the impression was not one which persisted upon nearer acquaintance. Seated there with her loose and somewhat eccentric robes among tightly bandaged ladies who had appropriately adopted from Fashion the outward and visible symbol of inward mental, moral, and physical uselessness, she looked what she thought herself to be—the only sensible woman present. In her younger days it had been her fortune or ill-fortune to have lived much on the Continent for reasons best known to her father's creditors; so that by the time she was ready to make her debut

in society she had been educated into a sort of crippled cosmopolitanism which made a respectable figure at *table d'hôte* but gave little promise of more definite achievement. Not a few of her friends, therefore, were surprised when, soon after her return to England, the cripple suddenly took up its bed and walked with all the independence of a robust culture. Under the surface with characteristic secretiveness a definite ambition had been shaping itself. To no small extent she was indebted for it to her Parisian "dame d'école," who burdened with her own supposed acquirements had turned longing eyes to the boudoirs of the eighteenth century, and who, with the conviction that she had been born out of due time, chaunted for ever the complaining refrain—"Combien je regrette le temps perdu." My Lady Belton, then in her teens, had listened with interest to her imaginings, and had devoured the lighter literature of the time, with at all events sufficient intelligence to appreciate the gilded framework of the picture. Here at length was an ideal—this queen-ship in the art and literary worlds, this focussing of the scattered rays of genius and of wit to one's own glorification, and, perhaps not least attractive of all, this trapeze virtue, which dared so much, and caught so cleverly the flying handles when the world was in a pleasurable agony of anticipated failure.

Her knowledge of French literature stood her in good stead, as an equipment for the undertaking, for she was an expert plagiarist—indeed, she could pilfer ideas from the very lips of the men with whom she conversed, and make them a few minutes later the delighted receivers of their own stolen goods. She was safe enough from detection in the matter of her own favourite authors, for she knew that, though society was not averse to introduce their names into conversation, to flavour insipidity with a suspicion of erudition, it nevertheless was a suspicion upon which no sane jury would return a verdict of guilty. Society, though as fond of second-hand opinions as of new fashions, was too generally contented with its own fair self to be drawn into more than a superficial investigation of the past, even where an epoch presented the double attraction of dubious morals and indisputable heresies. Here was her opportunity, and she was wise enough to see it. A more *recherche* dish of eighteenth century continental wisdom and folly than my Lady Belton's novelette could scarcely be desired, and it was treated with sufficient judgment to necessitate a certain amount of connoisseurship to pronounce that it was not an indigenous growth. It was clever, even by admission of the connoisseurs—monstrous clever by the assertion of those who echoed the higher judgment with added epithets proportionate in number and intensity to their own inability to judge for themselves. Thus much gained, she was not slow to secure her position, for she was in no wise misled by the praises which were showered upon her. She was not a dreamer, that she should lose her head thereat, as such unfortunates are apt to do, to the moral indignation of those who aided them. Her ladyship was eminently a schemer, and as such, accounted the incarnation of humility, because she made others her tools instead of being made a tool of by them. It was only when she had got all that she wanted that she lifted up her head, and society found that its patronage had been gradually transmuted into homage. So she reigned amid the surface brilliance of a *blanc assemblage*, with vanity and valour, philosophy and pedantry, quintessential humbug and rotund inanity bowing in mute adoration before her—*Seignèe rediviva*, my Lady Belton.

The night had not begun propitiously, and she was inwardly not in the best of tempers. What could be more distressing to one who had spent the forenoon in memorizing quips and *bon-mots* for possible use than to find herself launched on a stream of talk which was too limited to admit of their display. Her host was at this time maniacal in the matter of china, and the saloon was adorned

with refined suggestions of the pantry and kitchen. Naturally, therefore, the talk had tended in that direction; and from Königlich Porzellan manufacture, electoral swords, sceptres in brown and blue, uniped fish-devouring storks, waved lines of Denmark, Sevres *fleur-de-lis*, Capo-di-monte hieroglyphs, and Bow triangles, they had reached a point at which mine host was vigorously bent on proving to a youthful heretic that there was no bar sinister in the history of a piece of unmarked Chelsea ware. Of course Lady Belton was not unacquainted with the subject at a time when reputations for intelligence rose or fell by the test of a manufacturer's symbol or a tripod mark; but it was not upon this that she had expected to make her points. There seemed, however, to be little hope of relief, for her host had bestridden his hobby, and stung by an ill-advised expression of doubt with regard to an expensive purchase, was now careering recklessly through the company with an inverted teapot extended before him.

Wearily casting her eye round the room, she perceived leaning over a vacant chair a young man whose thoughts were apparently as far away from the prevailing topic of conversation as her own. Something in his look or negligent attitude seemed to strike her, for she turned to her neighbour with a covert indication of the object of her curiosity, and a murmured "Qui va là?"

"He? Oh, a new prodigy Lord Deerham decayed from a Teufelsdröckhian attic in Heidelberg; a German, of course; literary from the tips of his philosophical hair to the soles of those tragic buskins of his; breakfasts on lager and Hegel, smokes and plays all day; in the evening, is a universal library open to subscribers, and sleeps with Schopenhauer under his pillow."

"Dear me! quite typical!" said my Lady, scrutinizing him through her glass with that critical and connoisseur-like air which is an inimitable characteristic of learned ladies; "I hate Germans, from Richter to Carlyle, but I suppose one ought to know him."

"Well it certainly adds weight to one's adverse criticism," rejoined her companion with a smile. "I will bring him within reach of your ladyship's wit." It seemed as if he were about to add "talons," or "claws," but the final word was more complimentary, though there was a suspicious implication of the other meaning in the tone with which the words were uttered.

As he spoke, he rose and strolled over to the German. What he said Lady Belton could not hear, but inferred that Herr Kühner was receiving a little preparatory instruction as to the magnitude of the honour awaiting him. At anyrate he came across the room with a smile of satisfaction upon his face, and with an ungainly bow—as though the upper part of his body had to detach itself from the lower and slide forward before it would bend—he took the vacated chair beside her. To her surprise, his volubility gave Lady Belton no time to concentrate her attention upon a speech which should combine the due amount of patronage with sufficient encouragement to grapple Kühner to her soul with hooks of steel, in event of her finding that he would be useful to her. He assured her he had heard of her ladyship, had read her book, which was "goot"—a word which he repeated three or four times with curious cluck of emphasis—he had long desired the honour and the like. Her self-complacency required no very strong tonic to enable it to become convalescent, and she speedily began to regain her wonted vivacity; so that no great time elapsed before the company began to arrange itself symmetrically about the two poles, of which my Lady was the star of one, the other being more vaguely indicated by the constellated china which decorated the other part of the room.

From Kühner's opening remarks it may be surmised that, attic philosopher or otherwise, he was not wanting in the cruder elements of *savoir faire*. He had, moreover, the air of possessing a culture

which was obese, even if it was not capable of any great feats of strength, and he was a sufficiently good talker to make the most of what he had. Half-a-dozen technicalities, judiciously used, are sufficient to qualify a man in ordinary eyes to pronounce upon a subject with some amount of authority; a dozen will make his reputation as a specialist. Kühner had the requisite number on a good many subjects, and the conversation went on with animation until my lady, having brought out her epigrams in a good extempore style, began to lose her professed dislike for Germans, or, at all events for the race as represented by Herr Kühner. He was "really quite a charming young man," with sufficient readiness of surface wit to appear social, and sufficient abstractedness to give the impression that his lighter talk was the unbending of a mind normally occupied with higher and weightier matters. They talked of painting—he was devoted to an interesting species of Dutch preraphaelitism; they talked of politics—he pleasantly scandalized them by an apotheosis of Marat; they talked of philosophy, and he exhibited with paternal pride his own ontological infant decked like a recruiting sergeant, with streamers of all colours from Boehme to Hegel; they talked of music—he adored Chopin and argued in favour of the existence of an exoteric Chopinism and an esoteric Chopinism, to the latter of which he alone possessed the key. From Chopin the talk was dexterously turned by Lady Belton to George Sand—a subject especially after her own heart. Indeed she had at this time a novel in process of elaboration, of which the heroine was, as she flattered herself, a happy blend of George Sand and herself. Speaking in her defence, therefore, she surpassed herself in eloquence, and astonished the company with entire paragraphs from her still unpublished work. Kühner was obviously impressed with the fulness of her ladyship's knowledge, and delighted with the daring of her theoretic defiance of conventionality. It was with manifest regret that he at length left the group in obedience to Lord Deerham's request that he would take his seat at the piano.

"I will play," he said as he rose to comply, "something from *vat vaas* wrote by Chopin, *ven he vaas mit George Sand in Valdenosa residing*."

From the point of view of the discriminating critic, there was a distinct deficiency in technique, and a superfluity of *apasm* about Kühner's playing. But he swayed, he stooped, he sat erect, he introspected, and retrospected, and gazed into futurity, he made faces at the piano, and tossed his hair out of one eye into the other eye, and then straight over the crown of his head in a way which clearly betokened genius. In justice it must be said that he was at least sincere in his emotions and in their manifestation. He was ready at any time to shed tears of joy or of sorrow over his own playing, when a forte suddenly shot almost out of hearing into a pianissimo, or when a pianissimo suddenly swelled to the dimensions of a fortissimo, like the uncorked genie from the fisherman's bottle.

When he had finished playing, it was little time before he could rejoin the group, as his path from the piano was beset with eager inquiries whether the selections were from Handel or Mozart. Opportunity was thus afforded Lady Belton to give a testimonial in his favour, which she did without reservation. If he had not shown himself so profound a philosopher, she should have thought him a poet; if he had not shown himself a poet, she should have considered him a pianist; if he had not approved himself a pianist, she should have thought him a gentleman; and if he had not shown himself a gentleman ("a German gentleman," she added in an explanatory tone suggestive of German silver), she should have thought him a philosopher. In short, he was an admirable Crichton, and when Lady Belton pronounced a man a Crichton, there was no gainsaying the fact—he must be one.

By the time he had reached her side the company were already on the move for the refreshment popularly known as "supper," and Kühner's heart

swelled within him when he found himself allotted to Lady Belton. During the latter part of the previous conversation he had sat in a half-mesmerised condition, and this completed the charm. It is true that in the matter of personal beauty she was approaching the period euphemistically termed the prime of life, when "the little more and how much it is; and the little less and what worlds away." But then she had preserved well, she had a presence, she had rank and social weight, she was clever, she had smiled on Kühner. Unquenched Wertherian fires long-smouldering shot up within him sudden spires of flame, and under the new excitement he forgot that champagne was not the beverage with which his countrymen are given to transmute transcendental pessimism into experimental optimism. An adjournment to the pleasant conservatories and garden on which a placid moon was shining, completed the work begun by Lady Belton and continued by champagne. A vague consciousness began to steal over Kühner that the human mind is not an unit but a congeries of faculties, each, in his case, with a distressing tendency to become insurgent and set up on its own account as an independent mind. He found himself endeavouring to carry on several trains of thought simultaneously, and making no satisfactory head-way with any. It was clear to him that something was wrong, and he gazed solemnly at Lady Belton to see if all were well with her. She was in the midst of an eloquent passage, still on George Sand; and the solemnity in his gaze changed to a look of knowing sympathy when he found himself unable to follow her argument. He was about to address her when he found that her name had escaped his memory. Who was she? The effort to remember bewildered him still further, and all the strata of ideas in his mind underwent dislocation into a series of "faults." Then a brilliant idea occurred to him, and he said huskily:—

"Ah, I have right, thou art George Sand!"

"You flatter me," she answered with a satisfied tone and unsuspicious mock-modesty.

"George!" he cried with a movement reminiscent of the goose-step of his German drill, "George, I adore thee!"

My Lady Belton took a hasty step back and faced him. There was no mistaking the condition of the Teuton, for he suddenly flung himself on his knees, and seizing her hand fell to sobbing over it and kissing it.

"George!" he murmured, brokenly, "say—'Frederic!'"

Kühner's name, as Lady Belton was aware, was not Frederic but Emanuel, but she saw that Kühner's mind was passing through a Chopin phase, and the idea pleased her rather than otherwise. It is not given to every literary lady with an unfinished novel to be adored by a would-be Chopin, sober or otherwise, and her curiosity to see the conclusion of the whole matter overcame her first feeling of revulsion. She did not withdraw her hand, and she did say "Frederic;" but the conclusion of the whole matter was nearer than she had imagined.

Her usual good fortune seemed suddenly to take to itself wings, for at the moment she uttered the word there appeared from among the bushes fringing the lawn the figures of Lord Deerham and Leigh Heron, who had crossed the grass on their way back to the house, and now gazed with open mouths and most unaristocratic surprise at the pair. Lady Belton was the first to recover herself.

"Oh, Lord Deerham, I am so glad you are here; will you kindly remove your protégé. I have been quite unable to get away, and there seems to be something the matter with him."

Lord Deerham thus addressed, came forward, and, adjusting his eyeglass, gazed upon the unhappy Kühner, who was still upon his knees.

"I—really—well—he really seems to be—intoxicated," said his lordship.

"Beathly dwunk," lisped Heron.

Permit us to see you to the house, Lady Bel-

ton," said Deerham, "and we will send the servants to—ah—put him out."

She took the proffered arm, and they turned to the house together.

"George!" sobbed Kühner, rising to his feet and staggering after the retreating figures; "du—du—"

But the sentence was never completed, for at that point he plunged into a juniper bush, and with a muttered "Wo gehen Sie, Spitzbube!" prostrated himself at the foot.

From Kühner's after-fate it is unnecessary to lift the veil further than to state that he took a strong dislike to English society, and returned to the Fatherland. On the whole he suffered considerably less than Lady Belton, for the story got abroad and was worked up with endless variations by ingenious scandalmongers; indeed the unelaborated initial form of the tale as narrated by Leigh Heron was scarcely in her ladyship's favour:—

"Lord Dewam wath dwaggin' me' wound an wound the gaaden, lecktchawin' me on Kewamith, you know; and awfully dwy it wath, you know—a weglah boah. Well, we went acwooth the gwath to the libwawy window, when what do you think we thaw? Why that German fellah on hith kneeth to Lady Belton, cwyin and kiththin her hand—quite womatic with a moon, you know. And she theemed to like it too, for she thaid to him, 'Fweedawick!'—jutht like that, you know—'Fweedawick!' and then she thaw uth, and dweh back like a pointer at a pahtridge."

From that time the star of Lady Belton waned. She still went into society, but she discovered no more Crichtons, and developed a strong antipathy to Chopin. Even her wit grew constrained, for it was a favourite form of retaliation on the part of those who felt injuriously towards her to introduce George Sand as a topic of conversation; and when she entered a drawing-room it was usual to remark *sotto voce* to one's neighbour—"Was n't there once a curious affair between her and some German—a fellow named Kühner?" MARTIN QUERN.

Stanzas for Music.

MAY.

Song in the bright sky above,

Song on the glad earth below,

Breases in rapture of love

Tempting the roses to blow;

Voices come over the sea,

Sweet as the voices of yore,

Come, oh, my love, unto me,

Dwell in my heart evermore.

Blossom anew 'neath the bountiful blue,

Dwell in my heart evermore.

Robed with the beauty of day,

Crowned with the glory of night,

Flowers that wait by the way,

Break into bloom at thy sight;

Gone the wild wind and the rain,

Gone the mad moan of the shore;

Come with thy bright eyes again,

Dwell in my heart evermore.

Blossom anew 'neath the bountiful blue,

Dwell in my heart evermore.

L. J. NICOLSON.

I HAVE called the symphony the attained ideal of the dance-form of melody. But in reality the Beethoven symphony contains in the part denominated "minuetto" or "Scherzo," a genuine primitive dancing-music, to which it would be quite practicable to actually dance. It seems as though an instinctive necessity had impelled the composer to really touch once in the course of his work, the very basis of it, as though to feel under his feet the ground that was supporting him.—WAGNER.

Musical Grotesques.

By HECTOR BERLIOZ.

Musical Instruments at the Universal Exhibition. I shall certainly not write here a preamble on industry and universal exhibitions. Arguing on certain questions exposes the logician to rather serious dangers; it is sometimes even real condescension to discuss them. I am so conscious of being far from possessing the Olympian coolness necessary in such cases, that instead of combating systems that shock me, I often, in furious despair for which sufficient causes are not wanting, go so far as to seem to accept them, even to approve them with my head if not with my pen. . . . And this reminds me of a question I once asked an amateur in chemistry.

(Perhaps my amateur, like amateurs in music, in philosophy, like many other amateurs, in short, believed in the absurd. This belief is very widely spread. Perhaps, also, the absurd is true after all; for if the absurd were not true, why should God have been so cruel as to have placed so great a love for the absurd in the heart of man? But here is what I asked my chemist, and his reply):

"If we could place," said I, "a certain number of kilogrammes, say a hundred or a thousand kilogrammes of gunpowder at the central point of one of the most enormous mountains on the face of the globe, of one of the Himalayas, or Chimborazo, for instance, and then, by some of the processes we have at command to-day, set fire to them, what would happen? Do you think that an explosion could take place, and that its force would be sufficient to blast and blow up a mass that offers so extraordinary a resistance, by its density, its cohesion and its weight?" The amateur in chemistry, embarrassed, reflected a moment, a thing that amateurs in music or philosophy rarely do, and answered, hesitatingly: "It is probable that the force of the powder would be insufficient; that its ignition would take place, nevertheless, and produce gases, of which the expansion would be checked by the resistance of the mountain; these gases would be condensed to a liquid condition, but would always tend to retake a gaseous form, and make a terrific explosion as soon as the superior force stopped compressing them." I do not know how far the opinion of my chemical dilettante is founded upon fact, but I have perhaps quoted the proposition I submitted to him pertinently.

There are people, I know some, who, being forced to wrestle with a mountain of absurdities, experience an incalculable wrath at the centre of their hearts, which is yet insufficient to explode the mountain, but first take fire, and, almost simultaneously submitting without noise, even with smiles, to the law of unreason, see the lightnings of their volcanoes liquefy until further orders.

These liquids, thus formed, are usually black and extremely bitter; yet there are some which are insipid, colourless, even sweet to the eye and taste, such is there diversity. These are the most dangerous. Be it as it may, many mines have been fired, many kilogrammes of powder liquified, during the laborious session of the various juries, called to give, or rather to offer their opinions on the products of industry.

The special jury, called together to examine musical instruments at the last Universal Exhibition, was composed of seven members, composers, virtuosos, accousticians, savants, amateurs and makers. Persuaded that they were consulted about musical instruments to find out the musical value of those instruments, they soon agreed upon the means to be employed to appreciate as well as possible their excellences of sonority and make, so as to do justice to ingenious and useful inventions, and put intelligent makers in their proper rank. Consequently, not to be interrupted in this arduous work, which is more difficult than people imagine, and extremely tedious and even painful, they had carried to the concert-room of the Conservatoire these thousands of instruments of all sorts, harmonious, cacophonous, sonorous, noisy, magnificent, admirable, useless, grotesque, ridiculous, harsh, frightful, fit to charm angels, to make demons gnash their teeth, to make birds sing, and dogs bark.

They began by examining the pianofortes. The

pianoforte! At the bare thought of this terrible instrument I feel a shudder run through my scalp; my feet burn; in writing its name, I come upon volcanic ground. You see, you do not know what pianos are, of piano-dealers, piano-makers, piano-players, the protectors and protectresses of piano-makers. May you be preserved from ever knowing it! Dealers and makers of other instruments are much less to be feared. You can say to them about what you please, without their complaining too bitterly. You can give the first place to the most meritorious, without the others having, all at once, the idea of assassinating you. You can even go so far as to put the worst one in the last rank, without any opposition from the good ones. You can even say to the friend of a pretended inventor: "Your friend has invented nothing, this is nothing new, the Chinese have used his invention for centuries!" and see the disappointed friend of the inventor retire almost in silence, as the illustrious Columbus would no doubt have done, if he had been told that Scandinavian navigators had discovered the American continent long before him.

But the piano! Ah! the piano! "My pianos, sir! you do not dream of such a thing. The second rank to me! A silver medal to me! To me, who invented the use of the screw to fasten the peg near the mortice of the quadruple escapement! I have not fallen off, sir. I employ six hundred workmen, sir; my house is still my house; I still send my goods not only to Batavia, to Victoria, to Melbourne, to San Francisco, but to New Caledonia, to the Island of Mounin-Sima, sir, to Manila, to Tinian, to the Island of Ascension, to Hawaii; my pianos are the only pianos used at the court of King Kamehameha III, the mandarins of Peking only esteem my pianos, sir . . . and to Saint-Germain-en-Laye; yes, sir. And you come and talk to me about a silver medal, when the gold medal would be a very moderate distinction for me! and you have not even proposed me for the grand cordon of the Legion of Honour? This is a pretty go! But we shall see, sir, this shall not go on so, I protest, I will protest; I will go and get the Emperor, I will appeal to all the courts of Europe, to all the Presidencies of the New World, I will publish a pamphlet! Ah! yes! a silver medal to the inventor of the escapement of the peg that fastens the screw of the quadruple mortice!!!"

This sets fire, as you may imagine, to the thousand kilogrammes of powder in the mountain. But as it is absolutely impossible to answer such exclamations as one would like to, and so blow up . . . the mountain, the condensation of gas goes on, and there remains at the bottom of the mine only a little insipid water.

Or else: "Alas! sir, so I have not got the first medal? . . . So it is true? can such iniquity have been accomplished? . . . But you will reconsider it, and I make bold to ask for your vote, for your energetic intervention! . . . You refuse it? . . . Oh! it is incredible! My pianos, however, have not fallen off; I still make excellent pianos, which can keep up the contest with any other pianos. A musician like you, sir, cannot deceive himself on that head. . . . I am ruined, sir. . . . Sir, I beg you, give me your vote. . . . Oh! but this is frightful! Sir, I conjure you . . . see my tears. . . . I have no refuge left but . . . the Seine. . . . I fly thither. . . . Ah! this is sheer ferocity! I should never have thought it of you. . . . My poor children! . . ."

You cannot blow up anything yet.

Lavender water!

Or else: "I have just come from Germany, where they laugh at your jury. What, the first piano-maker does not stand first? So he has got to be the second? So he has fallen off? Is that common sense? So the second one has got to be first? Was ever anything like it seen? You are going to do this all over again, I hope, for your sake, at least. I am sure I don't know the marvellous piano you have crowned; I have neither seen nor heard it; but it is all the same, such a decision covers you all with ridicule."

Cologne water!

Or else: "I have come, sir, on a little business. . . . on business. It is, no doubt, by mistake that the pianos of my house have been set down; for everybody knows that my house has not fallen off. Public opinion has already done justice to this . . . mistake, and you will begin the examination of pianos over again. So, that no new blunder shall be made, I take the liberty of enlightening the members of the jury upon the strength of my house. I do a large and important business . . . and neither my partners nor I will stick at . . . sacrifices . . . necessary in certain . . . circumstances. . . . It is only necessary to understand . . . From a certain

knitting of the eyebrows of the jury, the business man sees that they do not . . . understand, and withdraws.

Camphorated spirits!

Or else: "I have come, sir . . ."

"You have come about your pianos?"

"Undoubtedly, sir."

"Your house has not fallen off, is it not so? We are to begin the examination over again; you want the first medal?"

"Certainly, sir!"

"Fire and thunder! . . ."

The jury leaves the room, slams the door behind its back, and bursts the lock off.

Aqua fortis! Hydrocyanic acid!

Such were the scenes the makers, players, and protectors of makers of pianofortes used to inflict upon poor juries; according to the account of some old liberated jurymen, a rubbishing old fellow no doubt, with an evil tongue in his head, for we see nothing of the sort now-a-days.

I continue my story.

The jurors, at the time of the last exhibition, were seven in number. A mysterious, cabalistic and prophetic number! . . . The seven sages of Greece, the seven branches of the holy candlestick, the seven primary colours, the seven notes of the scale, the seven capital sins, the seven canonical virtues . . . ah! I beg pardon, there are only three of those, at least there only used to be three, for I do not know whether Hope still exists.

But I will swear that we were seven jurymen: a Scotsman, an Austrian, a Belgian, and four Frenchmen; which would seem to prove that France is more rich in jurymen than Scotland, Belgium, and Austria put together.

This areopagus constituted what is called a class. The class, after a detailed and attentive examination of all questions that came within its province, had to take part afterwards in an assembly of five or six other classes, which were united to form a group. And this group had to pronounce, by a majority of votes, upon the validity of the decisions made by each class separately. Thus the class whose business it was to examine silk or woollen tissues, or the one which had to study the merit of the goldsmiths, carvers, cabinet-makers, and several other classes, had the goodness to ask us musicians whether the prizes had been justly awarded to such and such manufacturers of tissues, to such and such dealers in bronzes, etc., questions which my colleagues in the class of music seemed rather at a loss how to answer, in the first few days. These judgments *ex abrupto* struck them as singular; they were not accustomed to it, none of them having been called upon to vote in the same way four years before at the Universal Exposition in London, where this custom had already been admitted, and where I served my apprenticeship.

I had, it is true, a moment of rather distressing anguish, in 1851, the day of the first meeting of our group, when the English jurymen, seeing that I kept aloof, appealed to me to vote upon the prizes proposed for manufacturers of surgical instruments. I thought at once of all the arms and legs those terrible instruments would have to cut off, of the skulls they would have to trepan, of the polypi they would have to extract, of the arteries and nervous filaments they would have to seize hold of!! And I, who know neither A nor B about surgery, and still less about mechanics and cutlery, and who have, moreover, never examined a single one of the dangerous implements in question, were I even an Amussat and a Charrière in one, I am about to say decisively and officially, that those instruments are far better than these, and that such and such a man and no other deserves the first prize. I had sweat upon my brow, and icicles down my back at the very thought. God forgive me, if by my vote I have been the cause of the death of some hundreds of English, French, Piedmontese, or even Russian wounded, badly operated upon in the Crimea, in consequence of the prize having been given to bad surgical instruments! . . .

Little by little, however, these twinges of conscience grew calmer; the mine caught fire, but the mountain was not blown up, as always happens, and the mine only contains at present a small quantity of *pure water*. I have lately given in Paris a prize to an invention of Garengot's for extracting teeth without feeling any pain whatever. Besides, the system of groups having been adopted in England and France, and nobody having complained of it, it must be that it is good, useful, and moral, and I have only to confess with shame to the weakness of intellect which makes it impossible for me to understand its why and wherefore. "There is a little irony in your humility," you will say; "no doubt the

group, of which you were a part, annoyed the class of musicians by invalidating some of its decisions, and you owe it a grudge." Ah! surely not. The group hardly tried twice or thrice to say that we were wrong, and on all other occasions our unmusical colleagues raised their right hands for the affirmative vote, with an unanimity that showed them to be worthy of being so. No, these are simple, unphilosophical reflections on human institutions, that I give you for what they are worth, that is to say, for nothing.

So there were seven of us in the official box in the hall of the Conservatoire, and every day a batch of at least ninety pianofortes made the planking of the stage groan under their weight, opposite. Three skilled professors played, each one a different piece, on the same instrument, each one always repeating the same piece; we thus heard three airs ninety times a day, or, adding up, two hundred and seventy airs on the pianoforte from seven o'clock in the morning till four o'clock in the afternoon. There were intermissions in our condition. At certain moments a sort of drowsiness took the place of pain, and as, after all, two of the three pieces were very beautiful, one by Pergolesi, and the other by Rossini, we listened to them at such times with pleasure; they plunged us into a sweet reverie. Soon afterwards the tribute had to be paid to human weakness; we felt ourselves seized with spasms in the stomach and positive nausea. But this is not the place to examine into this physiological phenomenon.

So as to be influenced in no way by the names of the makers of those terrible pianos, we decided to study the instruments, without knowing whose they were, nor by whom they were made. The maker's name was consequently covered up by a broad sheet of card-board bearing a number. The pianists who tried them called out from the stage: No. 37, or No. 20, etc., before beginning operations. Each of the jurymen took his notes after this designation. When the 270 airs had been played, the jury, not content with this trial, went down to the stage, examined the mechanism of each instrument near to, touched the key-board themselves, and thus modified their opinion, if necessary. The first day we heard a considerable number of grands. The seven jurymen picked out six from the very first, and in the following order:

- No. 9 got an unanimous vote for the first rank;
- No. 19 got also an unanimous vote for the second;
- No. 5 had 6 votes out of 7 for the third;
- No. 11, 4 votes out of 7 for the fourth;
- No. 17, 6 votes for the fifth;
- No. 22, 5 votes for the sixth.

The jury, thinking that the position of the pianos on the stage, a position more or less near to certain reflectors of sound, might make the conditions of sonority unequal, decided to hear these six instruments a second time in another order, and after having changed the position of all. In addition to this, so as not to be influenced by their first impression, they turned their backs to the stage during this re-arrangement of the instruments, wishing not to know where they were to be stationed, as they knew their colour, shape and position. They heard them so, without turning round, without knowing which was played first, second, etc.; and then, on consulting their notes, and the numbers being made to agree with the new number of the order in which they were just played, it turned out at the end of the calculation that the votes were distributed in the same way, and on the same instruments as at the first trial, so distinct were the qualities of each one. The fact is one of the most curious of its kind that can be cited; it proves, moreover, the minute care with which the jury performed its task.

After each meeting, the result of the voting was set down in an official report; a member of the jury went and ascertained the names which were hidden under the sheets of card-board, wrote down these names with the corresponding numbers, and his declaration, together with the report, was put into a sealed envelope, stamped with the seal of the Conservatory.

That is the reason why, during the long weeks given up to examining the pianofortes, nobody, not even the members of the jury (with one exception) knew the names of the classified makers, and none of the latter could object, nor complain, nor come and tell you: "Sir, I have not fallen off," etc.

The same process was gone through with for parlour grands, for square pianos, and for uprights. We have the satisfaction to announce that not a single juror succumbed in consequence of this trial, and that most of them are convalescent at present.

A Great Singer of the Past.

1.

HENRIETTA SONTAG, born at Coblenz on the Rhine in 1805, the child of actors, had a career so picturesque in its chances and changes that even had she not been a beautiful and fascinating woman and the greatest German singer of the century, the vicissitudes of her life would have furnished rich material for a romance. Nature gave her a pure soprano voice of rare and delicate quality united with incomparable sweetness. Essentially a singer and not a declamatory artist, the sentiment of grace was carried to such a height in her art, that it became equivalent to the more robust passion and force which distinguished some of her great contemporaries. As years perfected her excellence into its mellow prime, emotion and warmth animated her art work. But at the outset Mlle. Sontag did little more than look lovely and pour forth such a flood of silvery and delicious notes, that the Italians called her the "nightingale of the North." The fanatical enthusiasm of the German youth ran into wild excesses, and we hear of a party of university students drinking her health at a joyous supper in champagne out of one of her satin shoes stolen for the purpose.

Her parents designed Henrietta for their own profession, and in her eighth year her voice had acquired such steadiness that she sang minor parts at the theatre. A distinguished traveller relates having heard her sing the grand aria of the *Queen of the Night* in the "Zauberflöte," at this age, "her arms hanging beside her and her eye following the flight of a butterfly, while her voice, pure, penetrating, and of angelic tone, flowed as unconsciously as a limpid rill from the mountain side." The year after this Henrietta lost her father, and she went to Prague with her mother, where she played children's parts under Weber, then *chef d'orchestre*. When she had attained the proper age she was admitted to the Prague Conservatory, and spent four years studying vocalization, the piano, and the elements of harmony. An accident gave the young singer the chance for a debut in the sudden illness of the prima donna, who was cast to sing the part of the *Princess de Navarre* in Boieldieu's "Jean de Paris." The little vocalist of fifteen had to wear heels four inches high, but she sang none the less well, and the audience seemed to feel that they had heard a prodigy. She also took the part of the heroine in Paer's opera of "Sargino," and her brilliant success decided her career, as she was invited to take a position in the Viennese Opera. Here she met the brilliant Mme. Fodor, then singing an engagement in the Austrian capital. So great was this distinguished singer's admiration of the young girl's talents that she said, "Had I her voice I should hold the whole world at my feet."

Mlle. Sontag had the advantage at this period of singing with great artists who took much interest in her career and gave her valuable hints and help. Singing alternately in German and English opera, and always an ardent student of music, she learned to unite all the brilliancy of the Italian style and method to the solidity of the German school. The beautiful young cantatrice was beset with ardent admirers, not the least important being the English Ambassador Earl Clan William. He followed her to theatre, to convents, church, and seemed like her shadow. Sontag in German means Sunday; so the Viennese wits, then as now as wicked and satirical as those of Paris, nicknamed the nobleman Earl Montag, as Monday always follows Sunday. It was during this Vienna engagement that Weber wrote the opera of "Euryanthe," and designed the principal part for Sontag. But the public failed to fancy it, and called it "L'Ennuyante." The serious part of her art life commenced at Leipzig in 1824, where she interpreted the "Freischütz" and "Euryanthe," then in the flush of newness, and made a reputation that passed the bounds of Germany, though foreign critics discredited the reports of her excellence till they heard her.

"Henrietta's voice was a pure soprano, reaching perhaps from A or B to D in alt, and, though uniform in its quality, it was a little reedy in the lower notes, but its

flexibility was marvellous: in the high octave, from F to C in alt, her notes rang out like the tones of a silver bell. The clearness of her notes, the precision of her intonation, the fertility of her invention, and the facility of her execution, were displayed in brilliant flights and lavish floriture; her rare flexibility being a natural gift, cultivated by taste and incessant study. It was to the example of Mme. Fodor that Mlle. Sontag was indebted for the blooming of those dormant qualities which had, till then, remained undeveloped. The ease with which she sang was perfectly captivating; and the neatness and elegance of her enunciation, combined with the sweetness and brilliancy of her voice, and her perfect intonation to render her execution faultless, and its effect ravishing. She appeared to sing with the volubility of a bird, and to experience the pleasure she imparted." To use the language of a critic of that day: "All passages are alike to her, but she has appropriated some that were hitherto believed to belong to instruments—to the pianoforte and the violin, for instance. Arpeggios and chromatic scales, passages ascending and descending, she executed in the same manner that the ablest performers on these instruments execute them. There were the firmness and the neatness that appertain to the pianoforte, while she would go through a scale *staccato* with the precision of the bow. Her great art, however, lay in rendering whatever she did pleasing. The ear was never disturbed by a harsh note. The velocity of her passages was sometimes uncontrollable, for it has been observed that in a division, say of four groups of quadruplets, she would execute the first in exact time, the second and third would increase in rapidity so much that in the fourth she was compelled to decrease the speed perceptibly, in order to give the band the means of recovering the time she had gained."

Mlle. Sontag was of middle height, beautifully formed, and had a face beaming with sensibility, delicacy, and modesty. Beautiful light-brown hair, large blue eyes, finely moulded mouth, and perfect teeth completed an ensemble little sort of bewitching. Her elegant figure and the delicacy of her features were matched by hands and feet of such exquisite proportions that sculptors besought the privilege of modelling them, and poets raved about them in their verses. Artlessness and *maîtrise* were joined with such fine breeding of manner that it seemed as if the blue blood of centuries must have coursed in her veins instead of the blood of obscure actors, whose only honour was to have given to the world one of the paragons of song. Sontag never aspired to the higher walks of lyric tragedy, as she knew her own limitation, but in light and elegant comedy, the *Rosinas* and *Susannas*, she has never been excelled, whether as actress or singer. It was said of her that she could render with equal skill the works of Rossini, Mozart, Weber, and Spohr, uniting the originality of her own people with the artistic method and facility of the French and Italian schools. From Leipzig Mlle. Sontag went to Berlin, where the demonstrations of delight which greeted her singing rose to fever-heat as the performances continued. Expressions of rapture greeted her on the streets; even the rigid etiquette of the Prussian Court gave way to receive the low-born singer as a royal guest, an honour which all the aristocratic houses were prompt to emulate. It was at Berlin that Sontag made the acquaintance of Count Rossi, a Piedmontese nobleman attached to the Sardinian Legation. An ardent attachment sprang up between them, and they became affianced.

Not content with her supremacy at home, she sighed for other worlds to conquer, and after two years at Berlin she obtained leave of absence with great difficulty, and went to Paris. French connoisseurs laughed at the idea of this German barbarian—for some of the critics were rude enough to use this harsh term—becoming the rival of Pasta, Cinti, and Fodor, and the idea of her singing Rossini's music seemed purely preposterous. On the 15th of June 1826 she made her bow to the French public. The victory was partly won by the shy, blushing beauty of the young German, who seemed the very incarnation of maidenly modesty and innocence, and when she had finished her first song thunders of applause shook the house. Her execution of Rode's variations surpassed even that of Catalani, and "La Petite Allemande" became an instant favourite. Twenty-three succeeding concerts made Henrietta Sontag an idol of the Paris public, which she continued to be during her art career. She also appeared with brilliant distinction in opera, the principal ones being "Il Barbiere," "La Donna del Lago," and "L'Italiani in Algeri." Her benefit-night was marked by a demonstration on the part of her admirers, and she was crowned on the stage.

II.

THE beautiful singer became a great pet of the Parisian aristocracy, and was welcomed in the highest circles, not simply as an artist, but as a woman. She was honoured with a state dinner at the Prussian Ambassador's, and the most distinguished people were eager to be presented to her. At the house of Talleyrand, having been introduced to the Duchess von Lothringen, that haughty dame said, "I would not desire that my daughter were other than you." It was almost unheard of that a German cantatrice without social antecedents should be sedulously courted by the most brilliant women of rank and fashion, and her presence sought as an ornament at the most exclusive salons. It was at this time that Catalani met her and declared, "Elle est la première de son genre, mais son genre n'est pas le premier," and a celebrated flute-player on her being introduced to him by a musical professor was accosted with the words, "Ecco il tuo rivale."

In Paris, as was the case afterward in London, the most romantic stories were in circulation about the adoration lavished on her by princes and bankers, artists and musicians. The most exalted personages were supposed to be sighing for her love, and it was reported that no singer had ever had so many offers of marriage from people of high rank and consideration. Indeed, it was well known that about the same time Charles de Beriot, the great violinist, and a nobleman of almost princely birth, laid their hearts and hands at her feet. Mlle. Sontag, it need not be said, was true to her promise to Count Rossi, and refused all the flattering overtures made her by her admirers. A singular link connects the careers of Sontag and Malibran personally as well as musically. It was during the early melancholy and suffering of De Beriot at Sontag's rejection of his love that he first met Malibran. His profound dejection aroused her sympathy, and she exerted herself to soothe him and rouse him from his state of languor and lassitude. The result can easily be fancied. De Beriot's heart recovered from the shock, and was kindled into a fresh flame by the consolations of the beautiful and gifted Spanish singer, whence ensued a connection which was consummated in marriage as soon as Malibran was able to break the unfortunate tie into which she had been inveigled in America.

The Parisian managers offered the most extravagant terms to keep the new favourite of the public, but her heart and duty alike prompted her to return to Berlin. On the route, at the different towns where she sang, she was received with brilliant demonstrations of admiration and respect, and it was said at the time that her return journey on this occasion was such a triumphal march as has rarely been vouchsafed to an artist, touching in the spontaneity of its enthusiasm as it was brilliant and impressive in its forms. Berlin welcomed her with great warmth, and, though Catalani herself was among the singers at the theatre, Sontag fully shared her glory in the German estimation. The King made her first singer at his chapel, at a yearly salary of twenty-four thousand francs, and rich gifts were showered on her by her hosts of wealthy and ardent admirers.

She sang again in Paris in 1828, appearing in "La Cenerentola" as a novelty, though the music had to be transposed for her. Malibran was singing the same season, and a bitter rivalry sprang up between the blonde and serene German beauty and the brilliant Spanish brunette. It was whispered afterward, by those who knew Malibran well, that she never forgave Henrietta Sontag for having been the first to be beloved by De Beriot. The voices of the two singers differed as much as their persons. The one was distinguished for exquisite sweetness and quality of tone, and perfection of execution, for a polished and graceful correctness which never did anything alien to good taste and made finish of form compensate for lack of fire. The other's splendid voice was marred by irregularity and unevenness, but possessed a passionate warmth in its notes which stirred the hearts of the hearers. Full of extraordinary expedients, an audience was always dazzled by some unexpected beauties of Malibran's performance, and her original and daring conceptions gave her work a unique character which set her apart from her contemporaries. The Parisian public took pleasure in fomenting the dispute between the rival queens of song, and each one was spurred to the utmost by the hot discord which raged between them.

On April 16th of the same year, Mlle. Sontag made her first appearance before the London public in the character of *Rosina* in Rossini's "Il Barbiere," a part peculiarly suited to the grace of her style and the timbre

of her voice. One of her biographers thus sketches the expectations and impressions of the London public:

"Since Mrs Billington, never had such high promise been made, or so much expectation excited: her talents had been exaggerated by report, and her beauty and charms extolled as matchless; she was declared to possess all the qualities of every singer in perfection, and as an actress to be the very personification of grace and power. Stories of the romantic attachments of foreign princes and English lords were afloat in all directions; she was going to be married to a personage of the loftiest rank—to a German prince—to an ambassador; she was pursued by the ardent love of men of fashion. Among other stories in circulation was one of a duel between two imaginary rival candidates for a ticket of admission to her performance; but the most affecting and trustworthy story was that of an early attachment between the beautiful Henrietta and a young student of good family, which was broken off in consequence of his passion for gambling."

"Mlle. Sontag, before she appeared, at the opera, sang at the houses of Prince Esterhazy and the Duke of Devonshire. An immense crowd assembled in front of the theatre on the evening of her debut at the opera. The crush was dreadful; and when at length the half-stifled crowd managed to find seats, 'shoes were held up in all directions to be owned.' The audience waited in breathless suspense for the rising of the curtain; and when the fair cantatrice appeared, the excited throng could scarcely realise that the simple English-looking girl before them was the celebrated Sontag. On recovering from their astonishment, they applauded her warmly, and her lightning, brilliancy, volubility, and graceful manner made her at once popular. Her style was more florid than that of any other singer in Europe, not even excepting Catalani, whom she excelled in fluency, though not in volume; and it was decided that she resembled Fodor more than any other singer—which was natural, as she had in early life imitated that cantatrice. Her taste was so cultivated that the redundancy of ornament, especially the obligato passages which the part of *Rosina* presents, never, in her hands, appeared overcharged; and she sang the cavatina 'Una voce poco fa' in a style as new as it was exquisitely tasteful. Two passages introduced by her in this air, executed in a staccato manner, could not have been surpassed in perfection by the spirited bow of the finest violin-player.' In the lesson-scene she gave Rode's variations, and her execution of the second variation in arpeggios was pronounced infinitely superior to Catalani's."

Mlle. Sontag was now for the first time assailed by the voice of calumny. Her union with Count Rossi, consummated more than a year before, had been kept secret on account of the dislike of his family to the match. Born in Corsica, Count Rossi was a near relative of the family of Napoleon Bonaparte, and his sister was the Princess de Salm. His relations were, opposed to his marriage with one whom they considered a plebeian, though she had been ennobled by the Prussian King, under the name of Von Lauenstein, with a full patent and all the formalities observed on such occasions. Mlle. Sontag determined to make a farewell tour through Europe, and retire from the stage. She paid her adieux to her public in the different great cities of Europe—London, Paris, Berlin, St Petersburg, Moscow, Warsaw, Leipzig, etc.—with incredible success, and the sums she realised are said to have been enormous. On returning from Russia she gave a concert at Hamburg; and it was here that she took the occasion, at a great banquet given her by a wealthy merchant, to make the public and formal announcement of her marriage to Count Rossi. It was remarked that during this farewell concert tour her powers, far from having declined, seemed to have gained in compass, brilliancy, and expression."

Countess Rossi first lived at the Hague, and then for a short time at Frankfurt. Here she took precedence of all the ladies of the diplomatic corps, her husband being Minister Plenipotentiary to the Germanic Diet. In Berlin she was a familiar guest of the royal family, and sang duets and trios with the princes and princesses. She devoted her leisure hours to the study of composition, and at the houses of Prince Esterhazy and Prince Metternich, in 1841, at Vienna, she executed a cantata of her own for soprano and chorus with most brilliant success. The Empress herself invited the Countess to repeat it at her own palace, with all the imperial family for listeners. Thus courted and flattered, possessed of ample wealth and rank, idolised by her friends and respected by the great world, Henrietta Sontag passed nearly twenty swift

happy years at the different European capitals to which her husband was successively accredited.

III. COUNTESS ROSSI was never entirely forgotten in her brilliant retirement. Her story, gossips said, was intended to be shadowed forth "with a difference" in 'L'Ambasadrice' of Scribe and Auber, written for Mme. Cinti Damoreau, whose voice resembled that of Sontag. Travellers, who got glimpses of the august life wherein she lived, brought home tales of her popularity, of her beauty not faded but only mellowed by time, and of her lovely voice, which she had watched and cultivated in her titled leisure. It can be fancied, then, what a thrill of interest and surprise ran through the London public when it was announced in 1848 that the Countess Rossi, owing to family circumstances, was about to resume her profession. A small, luxuriantly bound book in green and gold, devoted to her former and more recent history, was put on sale in London, and circulated like wildfire. The situation in London was peculiar. Jenny Lind had created a *furor* in that city almost unparalleled in its musical history, and to announce that the "Swedish Nightingale" was not the greatest singer that ever lived, or ever could live, before a company of her admirers, was sufficient to invite personal assault. Mlle. Lind had just departed for America. It was an adventure little short of desperate for a singer to emerge from a retirement of a score of years and measure her musical and dramatic accomplishments against those of a predecessor whose tantalising disappearance from the stage had rendered her on so many grounds more than ever the object of fanatical worship.

The political storm of 1848 had swept away the fortune of Countess Rossi, and when she announced her intention of returning to the stage, the director of Her Majesty's Theatre was prompt to make her an offer of £17,000 for the season.

Her reappearance as *Linda*, on July 7, 1849, was the occasion of a cordial and sympathetic reception on the part of a very brilliant and distinguished audience. The first notes of the "polacca" were sufficient to show that the great artist was in her true place again, and that the mature woman had lost but little of the artistic fascinations of the gifted girl. Of course, time had robbed her of one or two upper notes, but the skill, grace, and precision with which she utilized every atom of her power, the incomparable steadiness and finish with which she wrought out the composer's intentions, the marvellous flexibility of her execution, she retained in all their pristine excellence. The loss of youthful freshness was atoned for by the deeper passion and feeling which in an indefinable way permeated all her efforts, and gave them a dramatic glow lacking in earlier days. She was rapturously greeted as a dear friend come back in the later sunny days. In "La Figlia del Reggimento," which Jenny Lind had brought to England and made her own peculiar property, Mme. Sontag was adjudged to be by far the greater, both vocally and dramatically. As a singer of Mozart's music, she was incomparably superior to all. Her taste, steadiness, suavity, and solid knowledge suited a style very difficult for a southern singer to acquire.

During this season Mme. Sontag appeared in her favourite character of *Rosina*, with Lablache and Gardoni; she also performed *Amina* and *Desdemona*. Had it not been that the attention of the public was absorbed by "the Swedish Nightingale" and the "glorious Alboni," Mme. Sontag would have renewed the triumphs of 1828. The next season she sang again at Her Majesty's Theatre as *Norina*, *Elvira* ("I Puritani"), *Zerlina*, and *Maria* (in "La Figlia del Reggimento"). The chief novelty was "La Tempesta," written by Scribe, and composed by Halévy expressly for Her Majesty's Theatre, the drama having been translated into Italian from the French original. It was got up with extraordinary splendour, and had a considerable run. Mme. Sontag sang charmingly in the character of *Miranda*; but the greatest effect was created by Lablache's magnificent impersonation of *Caliban*. No small share of the success of the piece was due to the famous *dansuse* Carlotta Grisi, who seemed to take the most appropriate part ever designed for ballerinas when she undertook to represent *Ariel*.

At the close of the season of 1850 Mme. Sontag went to Paris with Mr Lumley, who took the Théâtre Italien, and she was warmly welcomed by her French audiences. "Even amid the loud applause with which the crowd

greeted her appearance on the stage," says a French writer, "it was easy to distinguish the respect which was entertained for the virtuous lady, the devoted wife and mother."

Before her acceptance of the offer to go to America, in 1852, she appeared in successive engagements at London, Vienna, and Berlin, where her reception was of the most satisfying nature both to the artist and the woman. On her arrival in New York, on September 19th, she commenced a series of concerts with Salvi and Signora Blangini. At New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and the larger cities of the South, she quickly established herself as one of the greatest favourites who had ever sung in this country, in spite of the fact that people had hardly recovered from the Lind mania which had swept the country like wildfire, a fact apt to provoke petulant comparisons. Her pecuniary returns from her American tour were very great, and she was enabled to buy a château and domain in Germany, a home which she was unfortunately destined never to enjoy.

In New Orleans, in 1854, she entered into an engagement with M. Masson, director of opera in the city of Mexico, to sing for a fixed period of two months, with the privilege of three months longer. This was the closing appearance in opera, as she contemplated, for the task of reinstating her family fortunes was almost done. Fate fulfilled her expectations with a malign sarcasm; for while her agent, M. Ullman, was absent in Europe gathering a company, Mme. Sontag was seized with cholera and died in a few hours, on June 17, 1854. Such was the lamentable end of one of the noblest women that ever adorned the lyric stage. Her funeral was a magnificent one, in presence of a great concourse of people, including the diplomatic corps. The service was celebrated by the orchestras of the two Italian theatres; the nuns of St Francis sang the cantata; the prayer to the Virgin was intoned by the German Philharmonic Society, who also sang Lindpainter's chorus, "Ne m'oubliez pas"; and the leading Mexican poet, M. Pantaleon Tovar, declaimed a beautiful tribute in sonorous Spanish verse. The body was taken to Germany and buried in the abbey of Makenstern, in Lausitz.

Liszt in England.

THE tidal express train on April 3d was stopped at Herne-hill for Liszt, who got out there, and drove straight to Mr Littleton's splendid mansion at Sydenham. Liszt, who is a bad sailor, had a fine passage, and arrived about eight o'clock in excellent health and spirits. By a quarter past nine the spacious ante-rooms of Westwood House were filled with hundreds of visitors. Mr Lamond, the new pianist, was playing some of the master's compositions in the great music-hall, which was already thronged—people standing on the top balcony, and swarming up and down the double staircase that led to it. Presently the crowds parted, and the venerable figure of Liszt appeared, leaning on the arm of Mr Alfred Littleton, his host, and accompanied by Walter Bache, his faithful friend and disciple. His—the Abbe's—long white hair rested in quite Apostolic fashion on his shoulders. As he passed through the crowd leading to the balcony he had a word and a smile for every one, and many a hand was held out and warmly grasped by the way. When he appeared on the balcony a shout of applause and enthusiastic clapping burst from the hall below, into which the master descended, the crowds falling back to right and left. He was conducted to a seat in front of the platform. Walter Bache, Mr Winch, and Miss Hope Glenn took part in a programme consisting entirely of Liszt's compositions, and at the end the master rose and shook hands with all the performers, addressing to each one the most kindly and complimentary words. It was not till eleven o'clock that Liszt finally retired, lingering on the way, as though he desired to forget no one.

HE PLAYS.

April 6th, 1856, will be a day never to be forgotten in the annals of the Royal Academy of Music.

A few minutes after three, the music theatre being by that time densely packed with students, professors, and at few others, Liszt, accompanied by the President, G. Macfarren, Walter Bache, Sainton, Littleton, &c., entered the room. The moment his noble head, with its thick, white hair was seen, a roar of applause rose on every side.

He looked like a figure out of one of the old engravings of Sebastian Bach or Mozart, truly a man who already belongs to another age than ours—an age of art creators, painters, poets, and musicians, since passed away, himself among the mightiest of them. No sooner had he taken his seat than a little girl, with an enormous flower wreath in the form of a lyre, advanced towards him. The wreath was placed on a table in front of him. Liszt bent down tenderly and kissed the child—who, I am told, is the infant phenomenon of the Academy—on her forehead. A kiss to be remembered, like the kiss Beethoven gave to Liszt, who played before him as a boy.

I could describe the excellent and interesting programme patiently enough had Liszt not been there, had Liszt not played. But in my own mind up to a certain moment, or in the minds of every one then present, expressed or unexpressed, there was but one thought—“Would Liszt play?” “If he does,” I whispered to Mr Burnett, the violinist, “mark me, it will be after young Webbe has finished the Liszt concerto.” I am proud of the prophecy. Miss Dora Bright, who played Sterndale Bennett's Caprice in E with great elegance and finish; Miss Winnifred Robinson, pupil of Sainton, who, I am told, at short notice mastered Mr Mackenzie's difficult violin concerto—each had descended to receive the Master's encouraging word of approval as he rose and shook each aspirant to fame warmly by the hand. But the applause which greeted Webbe continued long after Webbe had gone and the Master had resumed his seat. He rose twice, bowed all round, and sat down twice. Then something like an agony of despair and suspense seized upon the audience. They leaned forward with renewed and more vehement applause. All eyes seemed magnetizing Liszt with an intent, beseeching gaze. I never saw the wishing or willing game played with such effect. I never saw such a scene in a concert room or theatre. I have seen transports of enthusiasm at Bayreuth when Wagner appeared in front of the curtain on the last great day of the “Götterdämmerung;” I have seen the people at St James's Hall rise of Rubinstein; but I never saw anything comparable to what took place at the Royal Academy on Tuesday—when Liszt rose for the third time and instead of sitting down moved towards the platform. When he reached the piano, people were standing on their seats beside themselves. The ladies tore the daffodils and lilies from their bosoms and flung them at him, and a perfect shower of flowers greeted the venerable master as he sat down. Then a stillness as of death fell on the excited assembly. Liszt looked into the air in front of him. He was grave, dreamy, and like one who saw before him the forms and visions of long ago. Inexpressibly tender, with a sigh as out of the past, the music stole softly from the keys. It was his own exquisite transcription of Chopin's “Lithuanischer Lied;” it was not piano playing; it was the whisper, the plaint, the meditation, of a soul—all the technique, though absolutely perfect, and the touch beyond compare, was entirely forgotten, as he seemed to forget his fingers, and beckon to the dream figures that passed before him with expressive look and the kindling of a quiet eye that saw things behind the veil we could not see. But the mingled pathos and repose of the sweet memorial theme left the consummate delicacy of the Chopinesque musical embroideries unimpaired. The multitudes of little subsidiary notes slipped in like the spray of a fountain broken in the wind. Liszt seemed scarcely to heed them; they fell about him, those wondrous passages, like magic; the noble face still looked into the air—seemed to have nothing to do with the keyboard: the soul was far away in another world—a world of buried regrets—of loves long since grown cold in the sepulchre—of youth blown out like the roses of past summers—aye, and a world of old familiar faces seen only now in dreams, but seen calmly, with the quiet eyes that had looked on splendour and decay, and taken the measure of each unappalled, but at the close of that “Lithuanischer Lied” there went up the piano a something wholly indescribable—from the bass to the treble—a soft, melting flow of sound, not notes, but a mingling of notes. It was like a gently swelling ripple, that went welling up the keyboard and ceased only like a spent wave, breaking on a lonely strand, and leaving a silence as of twilight and ineffable rest. Liszt played yet more, after the first burst of applause had subsided. Why attempt still further to describe that other improvised and majestic strain, that was like a legend out of the older time, told by some Merlin to a Vivien. A hardened critic—middle-aged and not easily pleased—turned to me and echoed my own thoughts. “I should like to have cried outright,” he

said, “if I hadn't been ashamed!” As for myself, I not only felt like people all round me, moved to tears while Liszt was playing the “Lithuanischer Lied,” but for at least two hours afterwards I had a peculiar choking sensation and perceptible quickening of the pulse as bits of it came floating into my head. The excitement of the students was unexampled. The two greatest virtuosi who have ever appeared, as far as we can at all gather, are PAGANINI and LISZT. Few in that room could say they had heard Paganini—but Liszt, in one of his sweetest, solemnest moods, was, at all events, heard to perfection.

I understand Rubinstein's saying, “There is only one pianist—Liszt.” I understand Von Bülow's despair when he exclaimed, after listening to his great master, “What business have all we woodchoppers to play the piano—after him?”—H. R. HAWES, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Foreign Notes.

M. DIMITRI D'AGRENEFF's Russian Choir is said to be winning golden opinions during its tour in France.

SIGNOR SGAMBATI gave a brilliant rendering of Beethoven's E flat Concerto the other day at Rome.

SIGNOR BRANCA's “Hermosa” was produced last month in Alexandria.

HERR THADEWALT's Symphonic illustrations of Schiller's “Maid of Orleans” have been performed at Dresden.

A MONUMENT is to be erected to William Müller, the father of Professor Max Müller, and author of Schubert's cycle “Die Schöne Müllerin.”

LISZT's “St Elizabeth” is being prepared by Signor Vianesi for production at the Trocadero on May 22nd, when it is hoped the composer will be present.

SMITHS are at a discount at Weimar where two new operas are being performed—“Quintin Messis, der Schmied von Antwerpen,” by Göpfart, and “Der Schmied von Ruhla,” by Lux.

THE pianoforte rehearsals for the Bayreuth Festival commence on June 24th, and the stage rehearsals on July 2nd. As already announced, the works to be performed are the “Tristan und Isolde” and “Parsifal.”

THE “Amours d'Arlequin” is the title of a new musical drama, with music by M. Léon Cornet, lately produced at Ghent. The title is reminiscent of the days when Arlequin was the centre of a few hundred operettas, which are more imposing on the shelves than impressive to the modern mind.

A NEW opera in two acts, entitled “Gwendoline,” was produced on April 10th, at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, before a crowded and enthusiastic audience. The words are by Catulle Mendès, a well-known Paris writer, and the music by M. Chabrier, an advocate of forty-five, who took to music a few years ago. The scene is laid in England at the time of the Danish invasions. The work was enthusiastically received, and the composer was called twice at the fall of the curtain.

THE recent Continental obituaries have contained

several names of musicians of standing. M. Camille Carow died at Rouen the day after the completion of his sixty-first year; M. Léon Jacquard, Professor of the Paris Conservatoire, is also dead at the age of fifty-nine. A third name of some repute, that of M. Théodore Ritter, must be added to the French list. He was a pupil of Liszt, and, as an executant of the impressionist school, ranked highly. At Vienna there died recently, at the age of forty-seven, Herr Max Wolf, the composer of “Cesarine,” “The Pilgrim,” “In the King's Name,” and other operas; and at Königsberg, Herr L. Köhler, aged sixty-six, a many-sided musician, whose chief works were “Gil Blas,” “Hélène,” and “Mater Dolores.”

ACCORDING to the *World*, the Parisians do not love music. Liszt has departed, and Rubinstein has arrived. Liszt, whom the critic M. Francisque Sarcey calls “ce prodigieux banquiste du piano,” appeared amongst the Parisians as an exalted and quasi-legendary figure, an ancestor whose presence evoked souvenirs. Rubinstein comes simply as an acknowledged king of pianists, and a small poster announces his concerts, and immediately every seat is taken. He needs no advertising, no puffery, no *réclame*; he assumes no inspired airs, nor does he maltreat the keyboard; not a muscle of his face moves while he plays; he has no external elegance; his bosom is never laden with ribbons and crosses; vanity seems utterly foreign to his concentrated and intense nature. The Parisians compare the enthusiastic and impressive, yet simple, reception of Rubinstein with the irritating puffery that marked the recent visit of Liszt.

Accidentals.

A TITLED pianist, Count Loredan, will give piano recitals in London, beginning May 8.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN will unveil the Goss Memorial at St Paul's Cathedral on May 10th.

DR F. E. GLADSTONE, Mr Henry Leslie, and Prof. Sir G. A. Macfarren are the next examiners for the Mus. Doc. degree at Cambridge.

THE Liszt Scholarship will, it seems, be a “travelling” scholarship, and will not be confined to that once premier institution, the Royal Academy of Music.

MR HERMANN FRANKE has announced a second Richter season in Scotland during the first week of November.

MADAME EMMA NEVADA's American concert tour has come to a sudden termination, and nearly all the members of the company have returned to Europe.

MRS OSCAR BERINGER has in the press a novel of musical life, dedicated to Franz Liszt, who figures in the story as one of the principal characters. The book is to be published by Messrs Remington.

MR CARL ROSA's season at Drury Lane is to begin on May 31st. The new opera from Mr Mackenzie's pen will probably be produced on June 2nd, under the composer's direction.

THE American composer, Mr A. Bird, has given an orchestral concert at Berlin, at which were performed his orchestral Symphony and other works. The Berlin papers speak very highly of the abilities and talents of the American.

We regret to announce the death of Mr Robert Stewart Calcott, a young organist of much musical ability and of notable musical lineage. He was the grandson of Dr Calcott, the glee writer, and the son of Mr W. Hutchings Calcott.

THE number of Candidates at the College of Organists' examinations has so far increased that the Council have added several examiners to their list. They have also made some desirable improvements in facilitating examinations.

A YOUNG blind pianist, Mr A. Hollins, has recently been performing at one of the Saturday Popular Concerts with no little success. Joachim and Patti were his brother artists. It was probably the first time that such a combination has been heard at any concert.

THE Lady Goldsmid Scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music has been awarded to Miss Dora Bright, and the Sterndale Bennet Scholarship to Mr Albert H. Fox.

THE list of works performed at Shoreditch during the past ten years by the Hackney Choral Association under Mr Ebenezer Prout is a record of extraordinary activity. It includes fifty-nine oratorios and other large choral works by twenty-six composers, seventy-two smaller choral works, twelve symphonies, and a large number of miscellaneous items.

ON Ascension Day, June 3rd, there will be a special performance at Westminster Abbey, with full orchestra and chorus under Dr Westminster Bridge, and it is hoped Mme. Albani will take part. The programme will probably include the first part of Gounod's "Mors et Vita," and Dr Bridge's masterly setting (produced at the Birmingham Festival) of Mr Gladstone's Latin version of Toplady's "Rock of Ages."

LISZT played at a concert in Liverpool in 1824. The room was crowded, and during the interval between the parts a tall, powerful north-countryman was observed to leave his seat and walk straight into the artist's. "Give us your hand, my little wonder," exclaimed the northern giant, and he placed a guinea in it. "But what am I to do with this?" said Liszt. "Save it, lad, save it," said the stranger, and walked away.

A CERTAIN composer met a friend who asked if he had recently been making more music. "Well," replied the composer, "composition is a serious affair. If you have a good idea you can't find the paper to write it down; if you do write it, you won't find a publisher; if you do find one, he won't pay you; if your music eventually is published, nobody will buy it; if somebody does buy it, he won't know how to play it; and if he does play it, he won't like it."

THE Guildhall was crowded on the occasion of the Cambridge University Musical Society's concert, when "Professor Joachim, Trinity," gave a masterly rendering of Beethoven's Concerto. Mr Stanford secured a very fine rendering of Schumann's symphony in C. The programme was completed by Mr Hubert Parry's "Ode" from the "Contention of Ajax and Ulysses" and Mendelssohn's "Psalm cxiv," with an organ part introduced by Mr Stanford.

SEVERAL people are nibbling at schemes for Italian opera, the last being Mr Lago. This gentleman was first a prompter and afterwards assistant stage manager to Messrs Gye. It is said that Mr Lago will be supported by Mr Montago, the largest holder of mortgages on the

opera house; and if so, doubtless the scheme will be launched. Among the singers mentioned as likely to be engaged are Madame Patti and M. Faure, but reliable facts are wanting.

LISZT has aged considerably since some of us last saw him at Beyreuth. The once spare figure has filled out, the mouth has further receded, the finely-cut chin has puckered up, and the venerable musician is not able to walk without assistance. The long white hair falls in more ample folds over the shoulders, but the marvellous eyes, particularly in the excitement of conversation, are as animated as ever.

LISZT terminated his brief visit to England on Monday, 19th inst., when he left Herne Hill by the Continental express for Dover en route to Antwerp. Amongst those present to bid him farewell at the station were Mr A. C. Mackenzie, Mr Walter Bache, and Dr Duka. Mrs A. H. Lyttelton presented the Abbé with a magnificent bouquet as he left with Herr Stavenhagen, Mrs Brothstone, and Messrs Alfred and Augustus Lyttelton, who accompanied him to Dover.

ON behalf of the Wagner Society, Mr W. C. Ward read a paper, "The Inner Significance of 'Der Ring des Nibelungen,'" at Trinity College, on the 13th ult. A comparison was instituted between the modern poet's version of the Sigurd story and those found in the Eddas and the Volsunga Saga, while, in an ingenious argument, the tetralogy was shown to abound throughout in allegorical symbolism. The next meeting takes place on the 18th inst., when Mr H. F. Frost will give some "Notes on Bayreuth and the Wagner Theatre."

ON March 29th a lecture was given at the Birmingham and Midland Institute by Dr J. F. Bridge, organist of Westminster Abbey. Dr Bridge chose as his subject "Seventy Years of Music in England," selecting the period between the years 1625 and 1695, that being respectively the years of the deaths of Orlando Gibbons and Henry Purcell. The lecturer was listened to throughout with marked interest, and the musical selections from the works of the composers referred to were interesting as illustrating the different styles and developments of music in England during the seventeenth century.

THIS is the fourth year of the Stratford Musical Festival, instituted in order to encourage the study and practice of music in this district, and to bring out local talent. The competitions will take place publicly at Stratford, in the month of May, on days to be hereafter announced. The judges are W. H. Cummings, Esq., W. G. M'Naught, Esq., and Ridley Prentice, Esq. There is an influential musical council, of which the chairman and treasurer is J. S. Curwen, Esq., and the secretary W. Harding Bonner, Esq. There are twenty-nine prizes to be awarded. The desirability of the extension of the scheme to other districts is worthy of consideration amongst local magnates of musical tendencies.

WHEN the Queen asked Liszt to play at Windsor, he began with an improvisation on the "Rose" episode from the legend of St Elizabeth. He then played a nocturne of Chopin's and a Rhapsodie Hongroise. Mr Cusins, director of her Majesty's private music, accompanied the venerable Abbé from Paddington. By the time he got to Windsor the streets were crowded as for a royal progress, and on his appearance every one took off his hat. The Queen sent a Royal carriage to meet him—a compliment seldom bestowed upon any one under a Minister of State. At the Castle the whole of the Royal household and servants turned out to meet him. Liszt appeared not unnaturally a little tired at Walter Bache's Grosvenor's Reception the same evening, but he repeated the Rhapsodie Hongroise which he had played before the Queen "as (so the popular phrase runs now) only he can."

AT a recent meeting of the Musical Association, the

Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley read a valuable paper on "The Position of Organs in Churches." He catalogued the different positions in England and abroad where the instrument is placed, and showed that the ideas which commonly obtain as to organs having been placed on the choir screens or rood lofts was altogether without foundation. The Oxford professor emphatically condemned the organ-chamber makeshift, and concluded an interesting paper by showing that no one position could be laid down as the only correct site. The various shape of churches, the difference of the music in the services carried on, the funds at disposal, amongst other causes, all required the question to be looked at from several points of view; no uniform plan of proceeding could therefore be laid down. Sir Frederick inclined to the opinion that the plan adopted at St Paul's Cathedral, of the organ divided and placed at the entrance of the choir on brackets, was an excellent one to adopt, both from an architectural and musical point of view.

IN Temple Bar, Mr Engel tells the following story of the Abbé Liszt and the Emperor Nicholas of Russia:—An anecdote is told respecting the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, one of the handsomest and most imperious Sovereigns ever known. He received the celebrated Abbé Liszt one evening, that the Imperial family might enjoy this incomparable pianist's genius. While he was playing, the Emperor spoke to one of his aides-de-camp, and as he did so rather loudly, Liszt suddenly stopped. The Emperor exclaimed: "Well, Abbé Liszt!" "I will not interrupt your Majesty's conversation," said Liszt. "Oh, you do not disturb or interrupt me in the least," impatiently said the Emperor. "It is then, your Majesty, that interrupts me," said Liszt, drawing in his velvet paw. The effect of this remark was that the Emperor cut short the concert, and next day the director of the police came to the great Abbé to express his Majesty's fear that the Russian climate might injure the Abbé's health, and the Emperor's advice to seek a milder climate and pastures new.

"THE lyre presented to the Abbé Liszt on Tuesday by the members of the Royal Academy of Music was," says the *Flower o' the May* in *The World*, "a thing of beauty, a piece of artistic work which filled me with wonder. It was made entirely of flowers. The two centre strings were made of gold and white orchids, and the strings on either side of them of pure golden orchids; the cross-bars at the top were of mignonette; the broad outer bases of the lyre were massed with glorious Maréchal Niel roses, with yellow daffodils, with pale-yellow azaleas and yellow freesias; along the lower bar was a row of Maréchal Niel roses; and the lowest part of the lyre was made of a mass of cream-coloured double-crown narcissi. In fact, there was every shade of yellow in this beautiful arrangement, including the very palest, palest cream, and running right through the scale of the colours; and yet the whole effect was richly golden. At the top, on both sides, the lyre was tied with ribbons of the Hungarian colours, and nestling in these ribbons were small branches of palm-leaves, and some tiny vividly-tinted oranges."

THE annual meeting of the Glasgow Choral and Orchestral Concerts was held in the Religious Institution Rooms on April 2—Colonel Matheson, C.B., presiding. A statement of the financial result of the season 1885-86, showed that the income amounted to £10,042, 7s. 10d., and the expenditure £9,851, 7s., leaving a balance of £191, 0s. 10d., making with the former balance a total surplus of £1,860, 12s. 4d. The Glasgow concerts consisted of the subscription series of thirteen—five choral, and eight orchestral—and eleven Saturday-evening concerts, at popular prices. The orchestra also fulfilled engagements in Edinburgh (ten concerts), Dundee (one concert), Paisley (two concerts), Greenock (three concerts), and Leeds (two concerts). The committee felt gratified with the financial result of the past season, and recommended that the balance should be retained in hand. The chairman moved the adoption of the report, which, he said, under all the circumstances, was exceedingly satisfactory. Mr Andrew Miles, president of the Choral Union, proposed a vote of thanks to the chairman, and the proceedings terminated.

THE list of subjects for competition at the National

Eisteddfod, which is to take place at Carnarvon on September 14th and three following days, has been issued. The subject of the "chair" ode is "Hope"—the successful poet to be rewarded with £20 and a carved oak chair; a like amount, together with a gold medal, being offered for a poem on "Great Questions," and ten guineas and a silver medal for a Welsh drama based upon the career of Boadicea. Mr R. Poughe Jones offers £15 for a biography of the three Welsh musicians whom the principality has recently lost by death, Owain Alaw, Tanyarian, and Brinley Richards. For the principal choral competition, limited to choirs not exceeding 150 voices, there are offered prizes of £100 and £20 for rendering choruses from Mendelssohn's *St Paul*, Tanyarian's *Storm of Tiberias*, and Bach's *Passion* according to St John. Prizes worth fifty guineas are offered for competition among choirs numbering not more than sixty voices, and twenty-five guineas is set apart for choirs exclusively limited to male voices. For brass bands, £20 and a gold medal are offered; special prizes will also be given for pianoforte, harmonium, harp, and violin players.

THE Welsh National Eisteddfod Committee, having invited Mr Gladstone to become patron of the forthcoming Eisteddfod, have received the following reply:—"Sir,—I am directed by Mr Gladstone to acknowledge receipt of your letter asking him to give his name as patron of the Eisteddfod for the current year. He feels a sincere interest in the meeting, but he has made it a rule not to give his name except in matters relating to his own immediate neighbourhood. He much regrets, therefore, that he cannot accede to your request.—Your obedient servant, G. W. SPENCER LYTTLETON." The Secretary replied to the Premier, and referred to the great interest the Welsh people took in the Eisteddfod, and pressed the right hon. gentleman to reconsider his decision. Mr Gladstone replied that in the circumstances, which were so kindly expressed, he could not any longer decline the compliment paid him to give his name as a patron.

THE *Daily Telegraph*, speaking of the re-appearance of Signor Piatti at the St James' Hall, says:—"Few artists ever arrive at a position commanding so much public esteem as that reached by Signor Piatti. Indeed, the way traversed by him is trodden by only a few executants—shall we call it the path of thorough self-respect? Whenever has he been known to stoop to trick or artifice in order to snatch applause? Or is he, on the other hand, ever seen indulging in silly grimaces when the public call him to receive their thanks? As he bowed his acknowledgments on Monday with quietness, seriousness, and dignity, so in like manner has he always borne his honours. The fears of the audience as to the possibility that the damage done to his 'bow' arm would militate in the future against his playing were quickly set at rest. No diminution in power, no deterioration in tone, nor any other signs of weakness was in the least degree perceptible. The firmness, solidity, and sonority which heretofore marked his performance in concerted pieces were heard throughout."

MR HERMANN FRANKE has issued the prospectus of the thirteenth season of the Richter Concerts. The plan adopted with success by M. Lamoureux in Paris, of giving entire acts of Wagner's operas, will form a feature, the pieces selected for the forthcoming series being the second act of "Tristan und Isolde," and the third act of "Siegfried." The distribution of characters will be as follows: Isolde and Brunnhilde (Fräulein Theresa Malten); Tristan and Siegfried (Herr Heinrich Gudchus); Brangäne (Fräulein Helene Hieser); and Marke and Kurwenal (Mr Georg Henschel). Performances are also promised of Brahms's new Symphony No. 4, a new Symphony by D'Albert, and for the first time in London, the choruses and incidental music to "The Eumenides" by Dr C. V. Stanford. Mr Franke's now well-known vocal quartet (composed of Miss Hamlin, Miss Lena Little, Mr Winch, and Mr Fisher) will co-operate in Beethoven's Grand Mass in D, and in the "Choral Symphony." Other works, more or less familiar to the patrons of the Richter Concerts will also be included in the new series. The first concert will take place on Monday, May 3.

A PARIS correspondent telegraphs:—Another great pianist, no longer in the prime of life, but whose touch still preserves all the magic of former days, Madame Szarvady—née Klaus—is going to spend the season in London. This lady received her musical education under the fostering care of Schumann, when he was at Dresden. He was her kindest and best friend from her childhood until the end of his prematurely-closed life. When quite a young girl she played at the private concerts at the Court of Saxony. She was, before its publication, the first to perform Schumann's Grand Concerto at a musical festival of Leipzig. Her first appearance in London, on which occasion she played Mendelssohn's Grand Concerto in G minor, was made at the new Philharmonic Concerts, under the leadership of Berlioz. That master had heard her at a soiree given in the Rue du Bac by Dr Dionysius Lardner, who had been asked by Dickens, then the editor of the *Daily News*, to represent that paper as its Paris correspondent. During the Prince Consort's lifetime Madame Szarvady—at that time Mdle. Klaus—was frequently summoned to Osborne to play before the Royal children, and so aid in their musical education.

THE marriage of Mdle. Jeanne Gounod, the daughter of the composer, with the Baron de Lassus, took place in the course of last month. The Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* says the ceremony at the marriage of Mdle. Gounod, the daughter of the composer, with the Baron de Lassus, was marred by a very unpleasant incident. It appears that M. Gounod had, unknown to the choir-master, M. Audan, asked M. Talazac and M. Boussagol to sing in the Mass. When they arrived, M. Audan refused to admit them within the choir, on the plea that he had already asked Madame Fuchs to sing. An altercation took place, during which M. Gounod's son came up, and declared that his father had invited M. Talazac and M. Boussagol to sing. His remonstrances, however, were of no avail. M. Audan held his ground, and at length an unseemly scuffle occurred, young M. Gounod being pushed aside by the headles, while M. Talazac, who had also been roughly treated, broke in the door. The whole congregation rose to their feet in great excitement, and one of the officials abused the Gounods in no measured language. The police were obliged to intervene, and M. Talazac and young M. Gounod quitted the church in a state of justifiable indignation.

M. ISIDORE DE LARA's last vocal recital at the Steinway Hall was overpacked, excited ladies struggling at the back to get seats long after the place was crammed full upstairs and down. Signor Tosti was seated at the piano, and his delightful manner of touching that instrument as accompanist was in itself worth all the money; to have heard him in his quaint *sotto voce* style warble or whisper some of his own songs would have been too much to expect. M. Isidore de Lara did very well. He sang a suite of his own composition and a charming new song of Tosti's called "Yesterday." M. de Lara has a distinct public of his own. It is the simmering love-song, love-sick public. It is a phase of life which Tosti has handled inimitably as a composer, and of which M. de Lara has chosen in this unsentimental land of ours to be chief interpreter. He has qualities and mannerisms and not very much voice, but a gift of articulate declamation which it would be well for many a stentor to imitate. He reminds us a little of M. Capoul in his perpetual simmering and shivering desolation. If he would consent occasionally to sing one clear, smooth note like Reeves and the great tenors of the old school, it would be a comfort; but take it all in all, we may say of the De Lara vocal recital, as Artemus Ward said of Shakespeare's bust at Stratford-on-Avon, "It is a success." Consequently, M. de Lara can afford to laugh at the critics. He must not be surprised, and he is too sensible to be angry, if they in their turn indulge in a faint smile.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

DVORAK's latest biographer, Dr Josef Zubaty, says that already in 1864 Dvorak had two finished symphonies in his desk. This was eleven years before he obtained the "Artists' stipend" from the Austrian Government which enabled him to devote himself exclusively to composition and opened the way for him to publicity through the kindness of Brahms and Hanslick, who were on the committee of awards. Dr Hanslick, in introducing Dvorak to the Vienna public, related that among the composi-

tions which accompanied the young Bohemian musician's application for the stipend was "a symphony, pretty wild and untrammelled, but at the same time so full of talent that Herbeck, then a member of our committee, interested himself warmly for it." The key of this symphony has not been mentioned. It was probably one in E flat composed in 1874. If this surmise is correct, then the so-called "second" symphony may be Dvorak's fifth. His two published symphonies are respectively in D major (op. 60; it was brought out in Boston by Mr Henschel) and D minor (op. 70). It is of record that Dvorak composed a scherzo from a symphony in D minor in 1874, and since such a single movement has never been published, the indications are that the London Philharmonic Society's work was constructed around the movement composed eleven years before. If so, the fact is a suggestive commentary on the extent to which success stimulates appreciation, and might also serve as an indication that the unknown Dvorak of eleven years ago was a better man than the musical lion of to-day; for the opinion that the scherzo is vastly superior to the other movements of the D minor symphony is one that is generally acquiesced in by local critics and musicians.

THE *Times* makes the following comments on Mr Lamond's first recital:—"Considering his age, Mr Lamond's technical brilliancy, his memory (he played without book), and his breadth of taste and knowledge are absolutely phenomenal. Like Minerva springing from the head of Jupiter, he comes before the English public as a perfect master of his craft. . . . Individuality and depth of feeling are of course very different qualities from those referred to, and it is in judging of these that Mr Lamond's years have to be taken into account. It is, for example, quite impossible for a young man scarcely emerged from boyhood to realise the phase of sentiment embodied in every one of Chopin's works; and it was, therefore, in dealing with this master that Mr Lamond was least satisfactory. The Ballade and the Polonaise (of Chopin) were given in a brilliant, one might almost say demonstrative manner, moreover, but the subtle essence of the music—the various gradations of strength, the rhythmical nuances known as *tempo rubato*—had been lost; and in its stead was found an amount of 'storm and stress' wholly strange to Chopin's sensitive genius. Chopin players by the grace of nature are very scarce; there is only one—M. de Pachmann—at present in England. Mr Lamond's comparative failure (in the Chopin pieces) was counterbalanced by his signal success in Brahms's difficult Variations. That the young pianist had thoroughly mastered his subject was proved by a rendering for which 'perfect' is the only word. Beethoven's great Sonata and Schumann's 'Etudes Symphoniques' occupied a kind of middle distance between Mr Lamond's readings of Chopin and Brahms. Both were astounding instances of executive skill without showing any marked attempt at original conception. A pretty and melodious Romance of Mr Lamond showed more sympathy with Chopin's mode of expression than did the executant's treatment of that master's works."

AN "Enraged Musician" writes to the editor of the *St James's Gazette* complaining bitterly of the distressing ignorance which press critics and "literary people" generally show in dealing with matters musical. He says:—"Every one knows what messes literary people make when they meddle with music; and yet they will do it. I have found two splendid instances to-day—one in your own issue. Dickens, describing Mr Scadder, the rascally Yankee, says, 'he wore his shirt-collar open, so that every time he spoke something was seen to twitch and jerk up in his throat, like the little hammers in a harpsichord when the notes are struck.' But why harpsichord? There are no 'hammers' in a harpsichord; hammers are the essential of the piano; and the 'jacks' which plucked the string in the older instrument could not be seen, but were carefully hidden from view beneath a wooden bar or roof which covered them and kept them from shooting up. Dickens was thinking of the hammers of the old square piano, which 'jerk up and down' exactly as he says; and then he recollected the word 'harpsichord,' and put it in as more picturesque. But how unlike this to his usual accurate description! In your own number to-day an ingenious correspondent finds an 'analogy between Beethoven's Abashed

Symphony" (he might as well have said "Farewell") and Mr Gladstone's situation. Very clever, no doubt, and very close. But why "Beethoven's"? No one of Beethoven's nine symphonies is called the "Farewell." It is Haydn's; and why could not the man get it otherwise right while he was about it? "So popular all over Germany!" I'll make a bet that it is not heard in the whole of Germany and Austria six times a year. It is, as Mendelssohn called it, a "melancholy little piece," and is rarely, if ever, played. Then, again, "hardly is the symphony begun, and the orchestra in full swing, when the *primo violino* is observed to put his instrument into its case, and retire until at last the kettle-drummer alone remains, and he then withdraws." Now, the "Farewell" is confined to the last of the four movements of the symphony; there are no drums, and the two violins go on to the very end of all. I don't object to your correspondent finding an analogy to politics in music; only, for God's sake, let him do it correctly. Why is poor music to be blundered over in this fashion?

THE American Opera Company, while on the road, will count nearly three hundred persons, who will fill ten cars. Three freight cars will be wanted for the scenery, seven for wardrobe and properties, and another for the instruments of the orchestra. The principals of the troupe will set out first and travel faster, so as to get all possible rest.

MME. HOPEKIRK gives recitals at Wells College and afterwards at Boston before leaving America on May 5, when she will go to Scotland. Next winter she will play in Germany, and the following season in Russia. She has planned a return to America in three years.

A CERTAIN youth, named Mr A. O. Babel, and called "the cowboy pianist," is astonishing the good folks of the Empire City. The story goes that he never had a teacher, and does not know one note from another. He had a severe attack of illness, and in the midst of it he suffered a shock of electricity, rushed to the piano, played it, and has, without being able to read music, been playing Beethoven's sonatas ever since. The wicked, indeed, hint and more than hint, that he is not a genuine cowboy at all, but is the son of a professional pianist, and was formerly traveller for a music store in Texas. However, he dresses in cowboy costume, with his belt stuffed full of bowie-knives and revolvers.

THE committee of the Leeds Festival have issued the following outline programme:—Wednesday morning, "Israel in Egypt"; Thursday morning, Bach's Mass in B minor; Friday morning, Herr Dvorák's new oratorio; Saturday morning, Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata on the "Golden Legend," and part of "St Paul." There will also be performances each evening. The following are the principal works to be given:—Mr Mackenzie's "Story of Sayid," Dr Stanford's "Revenge," Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night," Beethoven's symphony in C minor, Mendelssohn's Scotch symphony, Mr Kilvington Hattersley's overture, and Schumann's "Advent Hymn." A chorus of 300 has been selected from 650 candidates. The solo vocalists will doubtless form a representative group. Sir A. Sullivan will again conduct the festival.

Humoresque.

—THE turkey is not a musical bird, despite the fact that it possesses drumsticks.

—AT a recent fire in an organ warehouse, a serious conflagration was prevented by the admirable manner in which the firemen played upon the burning instruments.

Ah! It used to be the piano that the firemen played upon, in the days of long ago. Perhaps they have become more proficient now.

—MRS HOMESPU is delighted with her son's proficiency upon the pianoforte. "Why," she says, "Johnny can play almost anything, and he doesn't have to take both hands to it, as some of your great players are obliged to do."

—DR SPARK'S last instalment of "Musical Memories" which he is contributing to the *Yorkshire Weekly Post*, has for subject, Dr Samuel Sebastian Wesley. Here is an addition to the list of organ-blowers' eccentricities:—

"My father, Old Sam, as they used to call him in my younger days, was asked to deputise for Mr Knyvett, a popular London organist and vocal composer, at a church where Bishop, the organ-builder, had very recently put in a row of 16 feet open pedal pipes (a perfect novelty in those days), and which were used by Knyvett, who knew nothing about pedalling, about once in every four or six bars—probably at the beginning and ending of each phrase of a hymn tune. Well, my father knew something more about pedalling than this, and so when he played the "Hallelujah chorus," by desire of the vicar, as a concluding voluntary, and used the pedals considerably, of course the pipes took off more wind than usual. About twenty bars from the end the organ stopped with a grunt and a gasp, and the old bellows blower came to the organ ped and said, with a Cockney twang and a swagger—'Well, Mr Wesley, I think as how that everything has gone off beautiful to-night, and—'

"Why on earth, sir, said my father, did you let out the wind long before I had finished my voluntary? You have spoilt my playing."

"Well, now, come Mr Wesley, this won't do, you know. Do you think that I have blowed this here organ for twenty-five years come Michaelmas next, and don't know how many strokes go to the Hallelujah Chorus?"

Notices of New Music.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER & CO., 84 New Bond Street, London.

TWO volumes of songs by the Scandinavian composer Halvdan Kjerulf, contain more lasting beauties than one finds in many piles of English sheet music. Kjerulf has the national note in his speech, but he is also an eclectic, and seeks inspiration in many poetic fields. Some of the most completely charming songs in the volumes, or, indeed, in any collections we have recently met, are the settings of Victor Hugo's lyrics. All of them bear the impress of a man of fine musical feeling and poetic culture. In some of the northern songs there is a fine robust quality, with the smack of a native speech. Nowhere is there any writing for a public eager of cheap effect, yet each song has the highest kind of effect. It tells by simple weight of purpose, freshness, and adequacy. Kjerulf was practically unknown in this country during his life. It is hoped that these two volumes, which Mr Marzials has fitted with good translations, may introduce the musical public to one of the sweetest and freshest of modern singers.

MR SVEINBJÖRNSSON'S SONGS.

THE readers of the Magazine have already had in the "Challenge of Thor" an example of the quality of Mr Sveinbjörnsson's music. He is an Icelander—the first of his race, so far as we know, who has exercised the gift of musical speech; and he has drawn his nutrition from Scandinavian song and lore. Although some of his work is of no country, being simply carefully thought-out specimens of eminently singable songs, he is at his strongest when dealing with themes of the seas and winds and kindred poetic material. "The Viking's Grave," "The Fisher's Call," and "Up in the North," are all striking songs with considerable declamatory scope. Moreover, they lie conveniently for the deep voice. It is surprising that they have not found their way into the concert-room, because Mr Sveinbjörnsson's method is popular in the best sense. At the same time many beauties are disclosed in a study of the instrumental part. The "Serenade" and the "Willow Song" are in a different mood. A setting of William Allingham's fairy song, "Wee Folk, good Folk," is one of the most original efforts among recent songs.

LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING CO., 54 Great Marlborough Street, W.

Voices of the Sea, a suite for the pianoforte, by Mr Gerard F. Cobb, embody a happy idea. Each piece has a poetical initiative or motto from Tennyson, Heine, or

other source, and the music is worked out in dance rhythms. There is no attempt quite like this before the public, and Mr Cobb's work would be welcome if it were less musicianly than it is. But every piece has an instant attractiveness, and some possess an enduring charm. Moreover, all are within the compass of an average technique.

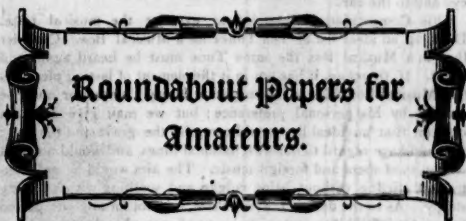
F. PITMAN, 20 and 21 Paternoster Row.

AMONG Mr Pitman's new publications the *Aimée Waltz* seizes the first attention. It is by Françoise Moorat, whose former work has had the seal of popular approval. *Aimée* is refined and tuneful, and there is no reason why it should not emulate the success of its predecessors. The *Indies* and *Colonies Waltzes* by Leonard Gautier will both repay playing; they contain some telling and free work, and are fairly fresh. *Dolly's Lament*, a vocal waltz for children from the same pen, is cleverly conceived, and would be welcomed by little ones everywhere. The *Apropos Gavotte*, by Jessie Morison, is lively enough to attract a student, and it will bear repeated playing.

The *Genesta Polka* is recommended by a charming cover. The music is by May Ostlere, and is a very good example of its class.

C. MAHILLON & CO., 42 Leicester Square, London.

MESSRS MAHILLON have issued a *Composer's Vade Mecum*, which shows in very convenient tabular form the compass and range of all instruments employed in orchestras and military bands. The table is very comprehensive, and as it is printed on cloth, it might well hang on the walls of all who have much scoring for bands to do. It is a labour and temper saving contrivance, and will be welcomed.



THE VIOLIN.

II.—THE FIRST VIRTUOSO.

AT the head of the line of great violin-players stands Archangelo Corelli, who was born at Fusignano in Bologna, in the year 1653. The compositions of this player are still a feature in the concert-room, and his influence on the art has been extended by a race of distinguished pupils. Corelli's instruction began, like that of all other musicians of his time, under church patronage. The ecclesiastical style, however, did not long content him, and he placed himself under the noted teacher Bassani with the result of rapidly maturing his playing. At twenty he succumbed to the attractions of Paris, and had so unequivocal a success in that capital that Lulli became jealous, and, as the story runs, obtained a mandate requiring the Italian to quit Paris in terror of the Bastille.

Whether caused by stratagem or no, Corelli certainly left Paris, and in 1680 we find him in Germany visiting the various courts, and with some difficulty escaping invitations to peaceful obscurity in the office of court musician. Some three years later he returned to Italy and gave the world a taste of his quality as composer by publishing violin sonatas. Pupils now began to flock to him from all lands, and Rome was for the time the training school of the great violinists. Under the patronage of Cardinal Ottoboni, Corelli remained at Rome for eighteen years. There he led the orchestra at the opera, and is credited with having introduced reforms in their ensemble playing, such as uniformity of bowing and the like.

The famous meeting of Corelli and Handel took place at Cardinal Ottoboni's house, when the Saxon permitted himself a characteristic explosion of temper. Handel had to conduct some of his cantatas which were not written in the manner of the time, as music was known at Rome. Corelli was leading the band, and apparently not with perfect success, the playing of certain passages destroying Handel's equanimity. Failing to make Corelli understand his purpose he snatched the violin from the Italian's hands and played the passages himself. No doubt this was a critical thing to do at any time, and Handel was never one to err on the side of sauvoy. Corelli's answer is reported to have been, "But, my dear Saxon, this music is in the French style, of which I have no experience." In spite of his amiability, Corelli knew how to make himself respected, and he was one of the first to use the now hackneyed observation to a talking audience, "I fear the music interrupts the conversation."

In 1708 Corelli accepted a Royal invitation from Naples to play some of his concertos. Thinking rather poorly of Neapolitan skill, he took with him as support Matteo, his second violin. The precaution was, however, unnecessary, for the musicians, after some practice, proved themselves not behind his own players in the rendering of the concerto, and Corelli was forced to admit—"They do play at Naples." A subsequent experience was not quite happy. Corelli was playing before his Majesty, and the royal ears becoming weary of the adagio, he rose and left the room. This was the beginning of a chapter of unlucky accidents for Corelli. It seems that he was appointed to lead a composition of Scarlatti's, and blundered in a critical passage. Then followed a piece in the key

of C minor. Corelli, whose nerves appear to have been disturbed, started off in C major. Scarlatti started the work afresh, but still Corelli failed to perceive his error, and it had to be openly pointed out to him. He took the incident somewhat keenly, and it was an aggravation of his feeling to find on returning to Rome that a new violinist, Valentini, had displaced him for the time in public favour. Corelli died in 1713 and was buried in the Pantheon. A fine statue, bearing the inscription, "Corelli Princeps Musicorum," was erected to his memory. It is near the tomb of Raphael. The respect with which Corelli was regarded was testified by a solemn musical service held annually for many years. At these celebrations some of the master's compositions were performed.

Corelli was first of all a great player. He had the temperament and the physical qualities which enable a man to do with an instrument what no one prior to him has done. His achievement thus became a stepping-stone in the further progress of violin technique, and to him we must give the honour due to one who has materially furthered not the least of the arts of beauty. This must be admitted while recognising that Corelli's technique was on some sides limited. He does not seem to have ventured beyond the third position. But in respect of purity and simple dignity of style as well as of suitability to the character of the violin, his playing was foremost in his day. And something lives in his numerous compositions which wins for Corelli a cordial hearing to-day, and predisposes us to turn with warm interest to his career.



TWENTY GUINEA MUSICAL BOX.

FROM THE CELEBRATED FACTORY OF MESSRS PAILLARD & CO.
Every Purchaser of the April Number of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC will be entitled to take part in this Competition, for which the Prize is a TWENTY GUINEA MUSICAL BOX. The Instrument is in a richly-inlaid Case, and is alike beautiful to the eye and to the ear.

This Competition is intended to exercise the musical taste. Draw up an ideal list of Ten Tunes for a Musical Box. Consider that in a Musical Box the same Tune must be heard again and again. If, therefore, it has not in it the element of lasting pleasure, the Musical Box fails of its purpose. Every Competitor must be guided by his personal preference; but we may give our own opinion that an ideal list would comprise the grave and the gay; it would have regard to our own national tunes, and would not omit examples of opera and foreign music. The airs would be well contrasted, stirring without being vulgar, and soothing without being sleepy. As to the decision of the Prize, it is not for any one person to assume infallibility and declare out of many hundreds which is the ideal list. The decision will be left to the Musical Box—an oracle of unquestioned authority, which cannot possibly go wrong and is not liable to change his mind.

NOTE.—Competition closes on 20th May.

PORTRAIT PUZZLE.

The answer will be announced next month, and a new puzzle set. The answer must be written on form given with April Number.

£14 PRIZE. VIOLINIST'S OUTFIT.

The result of the second test has been to award the prize to Mr J. J. ELLIOTT, 86 HILL STREET, GARNETHILL, GLASGOW. An acknowledgment will be printed next month.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF

£90 PRIZE. GOLD MEDAL CHALLENGE PIANO.



23 Shipka St
Balkham
April 13/86

The Editor

Magazine Music

Dear Sir

I beg to acknowledge the delivery of the Gold Medal Piano by Messrs. Challinor for which I thank you, and at the same time I have the pleasure in saying that it is one of the finest instruments of its kind I have seen.
Yours truly
J. Steel

ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF

£70 PRIZE. "BELL" AMERICAN ORGAN.

Seven House

W. Thompson

No. Manchester

April 3rd 1886

Dear Sir
I duly received your letter of the 3rd of March last & thank you for your congratulations on my having won the £70 Bell Organ as a prize in the late competition for the twelve best organists (living & dead) of this century.

I have now to acknowledge receipt of the organ from Messrs. Bell & Co. which arrived safely & in good condition today, for which please accept my thanks.

I am, dear Sir

Yours truly

Horace A. Raillon

To the Editor

"Magazine of Music"
London.

Questions and Answers.

J. H. T.—We confess that the fame of your great violoncellist had not reached us.

E. A. S. ORR writes: To young piano players I keep saying, "practice well, and your fingers will get nimble—even the third." But some pupils, anxious to excel, ask, "Is there nothing we could do to hasten this, nothing we could safely use to help in making the joints supple." Can you or your readers give any hint? There are various mechanical contrivances designed to develop strength, flexibility, and independence of fingering, but of the relative value of these we cannot give an opinion in these columns. If any reader has a practical hint we might print it.

CHOIR.—Refer to Helmholtz's Treatise on the Sensations of Tone. FUGUE.—The tracing of Handel's signature which you enclose belongs, we should say, to his middle period. In earlier life the signature is in full.

HYMNAL.—The tune "Helmley" is generally admitted to have had a pronounced secular origin.

SURPRISED.—Extempore playing usually is more wonderful than satisfying. It would be as reasonable to expect a poet to improvise verse with a complex structure and rhyme.

LESLIE.—Comic songs are our pet aversion. There is room for a humorous order of song, the words and music of which are the product of a refined mind.

SEMITONE.—The F sharp in the last bar but one is wrong. HISTORIAN.—In Polyphony each voice had a separate melody. The modern writing has substituted harmony supplied by supplementary voices and instruments.

K. L.—"Augmentation" is generally held to express the doubling of the value of the notes of a fugue subject. The word is loosely used in much musical criticism.

R.—No, it is an imperfect cadence.

BARITONE.—Mr Ludwig is with the American Opera Co., and has made a hit in New York.

R. S. O.—You have misplaced the double bar.

CRITIC.—It was the first part of Goethe's "Faust" that Beethoven proposed to set. You forget that the first part was published long before the second part.

ORGANIST.—The facts are the other way. In the friendly contest between Händel and Scarlatti, Händel's superiority on the organ was admitted by his rival.

JAMES B.—Your question regarding the ages of certain singers is an indication of idle curiosity.

J. B.—The answer to your question could only be demonstrated on the key-board. The difference is one of representation.

HANS.—Beethoven's C minor symphony is developed in the main from a simple motive of four notes. It is one of the best examples of unity of theme in orchestral writing.

W. G.—The sign you quote is an obsolete form of the double sharp.

Z.—A sequence is a repetition of a certain succession of notes, each repetition having a different position on the staff. Gounod's later work abounds in sequential writing.

R. I. P.—The Worcester Festival this year begins with the "Messiah" on Thursday, September 16th.

HARMONY.—Enharmonic modulation is when the passage from one key to another is made by changing the notation of the connecting chords.

PIANIST.—The toccata was a favourite form in days when expression was less aimed at. The logic of the composition requires that it should contain a certain passage or figure repeated again and again.

CHORD.—Cement comes between Mozart and Beethoven: in the direct line of development.

THIRD STRING.—Shifting by thirds is the common practice, and the danger is that you will become unable to shift by any other interval; practise the second position.

RUBATO.—This means the practice of quickening or reducing the time in any passage for the sake of expression. It is a habit liable to abuse. The rule is that time added to or taken from the notes in the first part of a bar must be balanced by the opposite treatment of the notes at the end of the bar.

H. A. D.—The estimates made are rather wild. All the genuine Cremonas are not even known to the dealers, and they are dispersed throughout the world. The English dealers are said to know of the existence of about 200 in this country.

STUDENT.—We would require a superhuman ingenuity to arrange the competitions so as to satisfy all correspondents. It would be simpler for us to wait until you have grown into the category of seniors. Do not hesitate to compete; youth is the season of hope.

MAC—"Robin Adair" was utilized, along with other national tunes, by Boieldieu in his "Dame Blanche".

TENOR.—Apply to the secretary at the Hall.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—"The Miller's Daughter"; "Alderside"; "Home-Chimes"; "Let us wander".

London and Provincial Concert Dates.

[Concert-Directors and Secretaries are invited to send information for this column, which should arrive not later than the 20th of each month.]

London.

May 1, 15, 29, at 3.—Senor Sarasate, in St James Hall.
May 3, at 3.—Pachmann's Recital.
May 3, 10, 17, 24, 31, at 8.—Richter Concert,
May 7, at 7.30.—Sacred Harmonic Society,
May 8, at 3.—Mr Austin's Concert, Albert Hall.
May 13, at 8.—Mr Carrodus' Orchestral Concert, St James Hall.
May 17, at 3.—Mr Aguilar's Concert,
May 18, 21, 24, 27, at 2.30.—Rubinstein's Recitals,
May 19, at 3.—Reformatory and Refuge Concert,
May 19, at 8.—Philharmonic Society's Concert,
May 27, at 8.—Mr Henry Leslie's Concert,
May 28, at 3.—Royal Academy of Music Concert,
May 31, at 3.—Mr Mackinlay's Concert,

Dublin.

May 30, at 8.—"Judas Macabeus," St Patrick's Cathedral.

Bradford.

May 26, at 7.30.—Dr Bridge's "Daniel," St George's Hall.

Birmingham.

May 6th, at 7.30.—Stockley's Orchestral in Town Hall.

Edinburgh.

May 10, at 8.—St Andrews' Amateur Orchestral.

May 11, at 8.—Herr Galbrein's Concert, Freemason's Hall.

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All editorial communications should be addressed to the Editor: MAGAZINE OF MUSIC, 23 Paternoster Row. Contributions and letters must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but for the information of the Editor. It is desired that names be written distinctly to avoid mistakes. MS. cannot be returned unless stamps are sent for that purpose, and no responsibility for safe return can be accepted. We cannot undertake to return any MS., music, or drawing sent in for prize competition, therefore a copy should be retained by the sender.

Complaints reach us of non-delivery of MAGAZINE. These chiefly arise from illegible or otherwise defective addresses, or from orders being enclosed with competition pieces. Orders should be separately addressed "Messrs Kent & Co., 23 Paternoster Row, London, E.C."

Last month we gave an extract in our music pages from Berlioz's Faust Legend, by kind permission of Messrs Chappell & Co. We should also have made a similar acknowledgment in regard to the Ballad, "The King of Thule," from Gounod's Faust. Messrs Chappell have pointed out to us that there is no notification on our part of the copyright being theirs, and we now hasten to repair the omission and to intimate that we have since paid them for the right of reproduction.





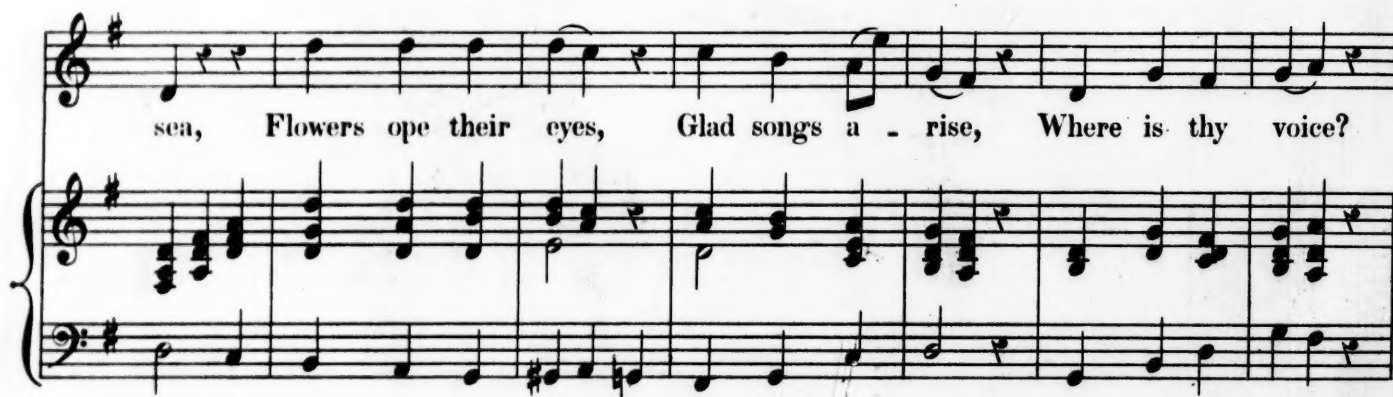
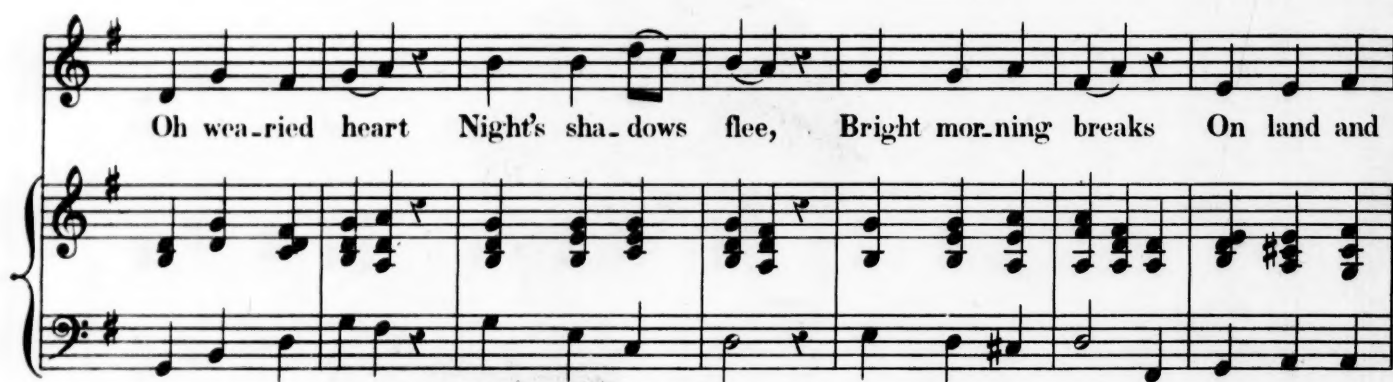
J.M.B.
86

Georgea Murny

BE NEAR SWEET HOPE.

Words by
L. J. NICOLSON.

Melody by
HAYDN.



2. Thou bring-est rest... Oh peace-ful night, We sleep but
 3. Earth weeps her dead.. In win-ter rain, But smil-ing

wake, Wake with the light; Oh night, dark night
 spring Brings life a gain; Oh death shall we....

Wilt then bring light? Dark, dark the way we grope, Oh be thou
 Find life through thee? Dark, dark the way we grope, Oh be thou

near sweet hope.
 near sweet hope.

Oh, come when day Sinks in - to.. night, When strength shall

fail, With fail - ing light. Eyes clos - ing fast,

Shall look their last, And through the dark we grope, Oh, then be

near— sweet hope.

THE DAGMAR WALTZES.

[In the Scandinavian Style.]

J. MORE SMETON.

Moderato.

con sentimento

INTRODUCTION.

Allegro.

scherzando

cresc.

ff

p

rall.

f

Tempo di Valse.

1. Light to our sky as Au - ro - ra's fair beam, Come

and reign ov - er the hearts you en - slave, Hearts that would

die for you La - dy Sup - reme Daught - er of sea -

kings from ov - er the wave *f* Light to our sky as Au -

ro - ra's fair beam Come and reign ov - er the hearts

you en - slave Hearts that would die for you La - dy Sup -

reme..... Daught - er of sea - kings from ov - er the wave.....

1. 2. Light to our

sky as Au - ro - ra's fair beam..... Come and reign ov - er the

hearts you en - slave..... Hearts that would die for you La - dy Sup

reme..... Daught - er of sea - kings from ov - er the wave.....

2. *ten.* *f*

ten.

Fine

p *con espress.* *pp*

1. 2.

Da Capo

The musical score is written for piano in 3/4 time. It begins with a second ending bracket. The first system is marked 'f' and 'ten.' (tension). The second and third systems continue the piece. The fourth system ends with 'Fine'. The fifth system is marked 'p' and 'con espress.', with 'pp' at the end. The sixth system shows two endings, '1.' and '2.', with 'Da Capo' at the bottom right.

3.



First system of music. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. Bass staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The system begins with a treble staff entry marked '3.'. The music features chords and single notes. A dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) appears in the bass staff. The system ends with a double bar line.



Second system of music. Treble and bass staves. The treble staff continues with melodic lines and chords. The bass staff provides harmonic support with chords and some moving lines. The system ends with a double bar line.



Third system of music. Treble and bass staves. The treble staff features a melodic line with many beamed eighth notes and some slurs. The bass staff has a steady accompaniment of chords. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is present in the bass staff. The system ends with a double bar line.



Fourth system of music. Treble and bass staves. The treble staff has a complex melodic line with many beamed eighth notes. The bass staff continues with chords. The system concludes with a first ending (marked '1.') and a second ending (marked '2.') leading to the next system.



Fifth system of music. Treble and bass staves. The treble staff features a melodic line with some slurs. The bass staff has a consistent accompaniment of chords. The system ends with a double bar line.



Sixth system of music. Treble and bass staves. The treble staff has a melodic line with some slurs. The bass staff has a consistent accompaniment of chords. The system ends with a double bar line.

CODA. *sempre pp* *cresc.*

pp *mf marcato*

f

p

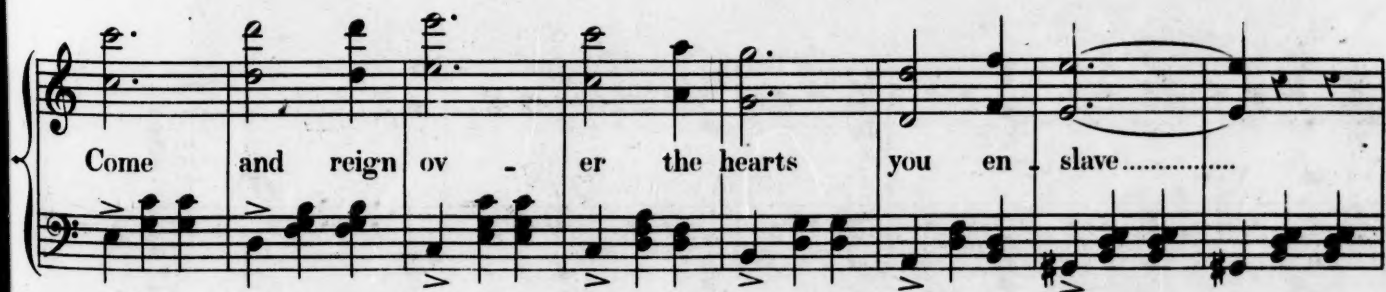
Light to our sky.

as Au - ro - ra's fair beam,..... Come and reign ov - er the

f

hearts you en - slave,..... Hearts that would die for you La - dy Sup.

reme Daught - er of sea - kings from ov - er the wave.....



Hearts that would die for you La - dy Sup - reme.....

Daught - er of sea - kings from ov - er the wave. **Presto.**

ff



ST PAUL'S.

*H*ERE where the murmurs of the waters chase
The hum of life, the grim cathedral keeps
A darkness ever, while its shadow creeps
Across the housetop-dial at its base ;
Faint mists enwreathe it, and chance sunbeams trace
Vague glories on its floor ; and in its deeps
The moveless shadow, Time, unhoedful sleeps :
Seekest thou peace within the hallowed place ?

The river of some Titan fugue out-roll
Forever broadening to the great sound-sea
That hurls its clangorous billows to the dome ;
Leave here no bitter silence for the soul
To brood on life and love and misery,
The city's idol and its hecatomb.

Ω

